Saturday Review

APRIL 30, 1955 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

WHO'S FOR SUBSCRIPTION TV?
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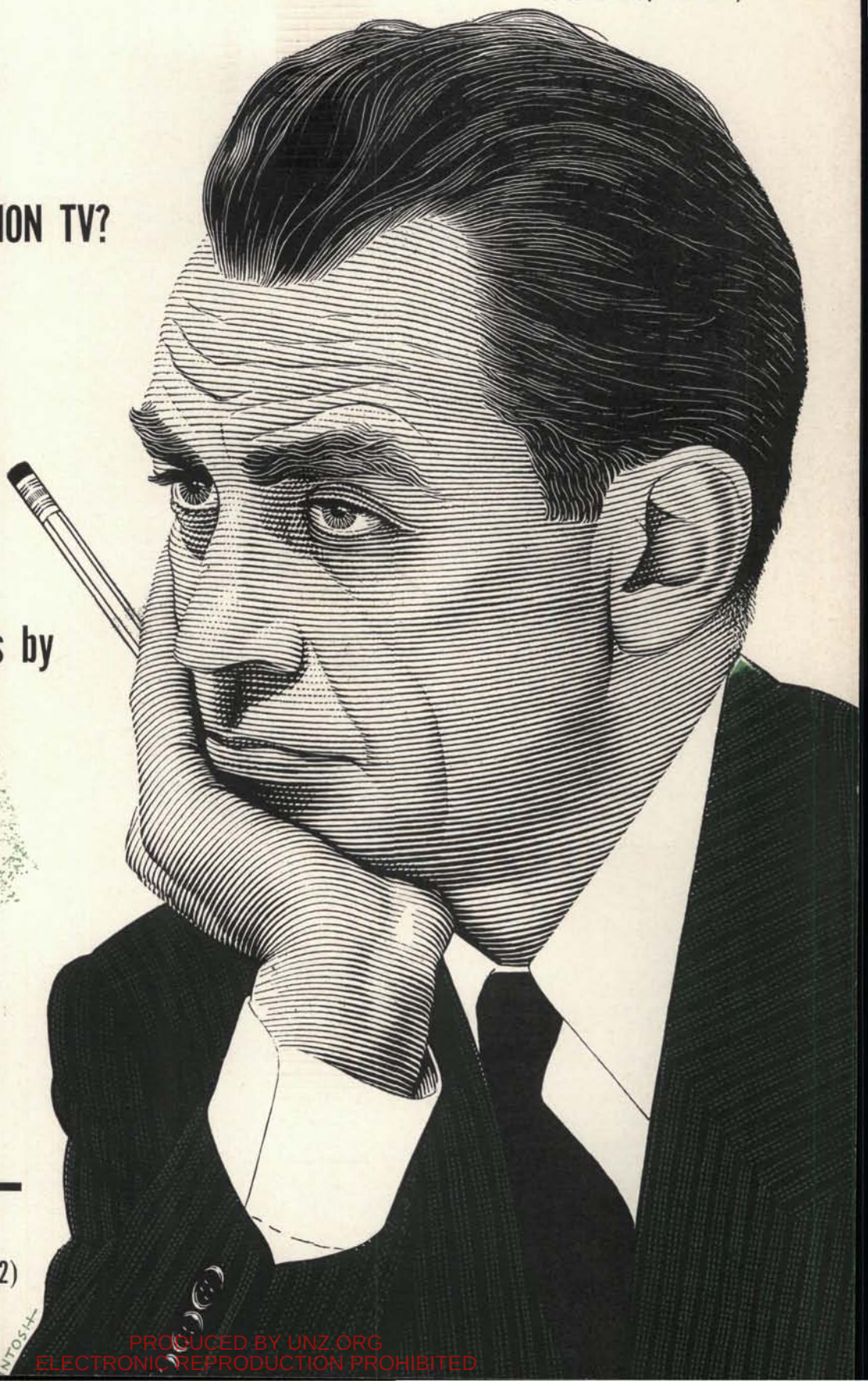
(See page 39)

THE U. S. PRESS IS IN TROUBLE
Two Disturbing Reports by Mark Ethridge and Jonathan Daniels

HAVE MERCY, DEAR TEACHER!
By John Steinbeck



Russell Davenport, author of "The Dignity of Man." (See page 12)

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APRIL 30, 1955

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 18, April 30, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

THE EVER-INCREASING number of books "by" and about past and present screen and Broadway personalities baffles me completely. As features or serials in magazines, with nostalgic and sometimes sexy photographs for embellishment, these stories obviously are just what the editor ordered but why on earth anybody should want to clutter up his library shelves with such stuff is a puzzle I cannot unravel.

One reviewer gets a special break with books of this sort, however. Frederico Babcock, Beau Brummellow literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, never has to search very hard for the photograph of a leggy, busty siren who has just confided her philosophy of life to a palpitating public. He simply detaches from a wall of his inner sanctum (covered with a comprehensive collection that takes the cheesecake) the photograph that is appropriate to the occasion, and

covers the empty space with one of the 427 close-ups of Marilyn Monroe stashed away in his desk.

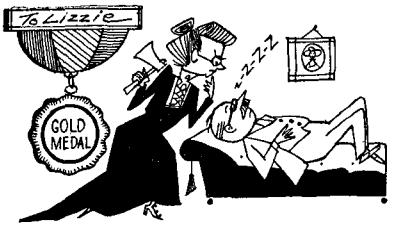
LEW LENGFELD AND Barbara Thompson, dynamic doyens of San Francisco's "Books, Inc.," have acquired two additional Western outlets, and seem bent upon becoming the A. and P. of the retail book world. First they took over Hartman's in Seattle, founded by the late Harry Hartman, who, though blind, could unhesitatingly locate any one of the 100,000 volumes in his stock. John Collins will continue as manager. And now they've secured control of Albuquerque's New Mexico Bookstore, largest between Dallas and Los Angeles, from longtime proprietor Jim Threlkeld. Harold Silva will run that one for the Lengfeld combine. Next?

THERE'S ANOTHER bookstore prospering in Albuquerque—Emily Ramage's, in the new Nob Hill Center. The whole city, in fact, is teeming with excitement, engendered principally by atomic experiments and other hush-hush activities in surrounding areas. The population has soared from 35,000 a few short years ago to 125,000 today. Tight-lipped officers, briefcases tucked under their arms, are more plentiful on the streets than the old-time Indian squaws. I did follow two of the latter for a block on the way to the Harvey Alvarado Hotel, anxious to imbibe some of their quaint tribal law. "I hear Mr. Big is going to run up Federal Uranium," one squaw was saying. "Better pick up a couple hundred shares for yourself."

Outside Albuquerque, the way barred by armed sentries who obviously mean business, the Government has built a six-lane highway, just visible from Route 66, that leads straight into a barren and forbidding mountain range. What's it there for? What is hidden or being built in those mountains? No civilians know, of course, but that doesn't prevent them from delivering learned opinions. My driver assured me, "They've already perfected here a new weapon of destruction that can wipe out an entire enemy in ten seconds flat." "You ought to fly to Washington at once and tell that to the President," I urged. "I bet it would save him a lot of worry."

Only local group seemingly unaffected by the cloak-and-dagger atmosphere of Albuquerque is the faculty and students of the University of New Mexico. They have a beautiful campus, dominated by the adobe library, built in the grim Depression days of the 1930s by students who thus earned their tuition.

GOLD MEDAL'S SERIES of true crimes has been selling better and better, and it deserves to. Volumes devoted to the Hall-Mills case, Lizzie Borden, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, and Starr Faithful have been first-rate. Now Joseph Henry Jackson, Plutarch of the San Francisco Peninsula, is working on another, which will be called "The Girl in the Belfry." It



tells of Theodore Durrant, medical student and Sunday school teacher, found guilty and hanged in 1898 for

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murdering Blanche Lamont and hiding her body in the belfry of the church. The case stirred up the whole country; even President McKinley wrote a letter to the Governor of California about it. Jackson waxed so eloquent in telling the grisly details at the Bohemian Club that a distinguished visiting book salesman violated a cardinal rule of his profession and ordered a copy at the full retail price. The name of this Judas is James Russell, who, besides selling books, is the owner of a grove of cherry trees that pomologists come from all over the state to inspect.

IT WAS IN THE BEAUTIFUL new San Francisco airport that I saw a prize example of flagrant and irritating petty chiseling. A gent who seems to have corralled every newsstand concession in the place has slapped an extra 10 per cent charge on all magazines and books. The copy of *Time,* for instance, that sells for twenty cents every other place in the country fetches twenty-two cents here. Twenty-five-cent paperbacks are jacked up even more outrageously: thirty-five cents is their price in this clip-joint.

I had piled up copies of a half-dozen magazines to read on the plane, but when I heard about the extra 10 per cent charge (like so many other boobs, I never even question major larcenies; it's these odd-penny gyps that infuriate me) I flung them back on the counter. If enough customers

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 619

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 619 will be found in the next issue.

KB ONRP FGP QLNDK

LP KWR GEF EKBBJB:

L RFNCC XGS KLR FG

YWDKP PG RFBBJB.

TBWPK ZYBRPGF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 618

In order to have wisdom we must have ignorance.

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did likewise, this concessionaire would soon be forced back into line.

Meanwhile, I wonder whether the city authorities could not be made to look into this matter. It's a municipal airport, isn't it? And what about the publishers whose magazines are being sold 10 per cent higher than the price plainly marked on the cover? Can't they do something to prevent such practice? Or am I the only busybody who's allowed himself to get steamed up about this inconsequential matter? Write to me, some San Francisco readers, PLEASE!

HUMORIST HARRY HERSHFELD, "fall guy" at a recent luncheon of the Saints and Sinners Club, told of a Mr. Floogle whose brand-new washing machine went on the fritz. Mr. Floogle had bent over to probe deep into the mechanism of the machine when Mrs. Floogle entered and turned on the switch. There was a whirr, and Mr. Floogle's legs shot up into the air. Mrs. Floogle watched him thresh-ing wildly about and observed happily, "Fine, Sam! You've got it working again!" . . . Another Hershfeld gem concerned a meddlesome visitor who let a Chinese vase slip out of his hands and crash on a cement floor. "*Gewalt!*" wailed the owner. "That was a genuine Ming vase." "Don't give it another thought," soothed the visitor. "Tell me where Mr. Ming does business, and I'll buy you a duplicate in the morning."

Harry Hershfeld was born, avers Tex O'Rourke, in the East of Ireland—1,000 miles East, to be precise. When Harry was summoned from California to a cartoonist's job with Hearst in New York, adds Tex, he was in such a hurry to arrive here that he got off in Pittsburgh—and changed to a passenger train.

THAT REMINDED HERSHFELD of a pal in San Francisco, long married to a wife who constantly accused him, with good reason, of straying from the fold. When the pal announced that he had to go to Los Angeles on business she muttered a skeptical "Oh, yeah." "If you don't believe me," he offered, "see me off on the train." "I will," said she.

That evening he boarded the Southern Pacific's *Lark* under her watchful eye, but jumped off as it was moving slowly through the yards. He got across the tracks safely, but alas! was struck down by an automobile on the boulevard outside. And who was driving the auto? His own wife, on her way home from the station!

"Did the poor fish recover from his injuries?" asked a listener.

"He did," said Harry. "He's still alive and still married—but to a different wife." —BENNETT CERF.

SR's Library Poll

MRS. LINDBERGH—who as a young girl married the Lone Eagle, and whose privileged life has contained the most unexpected controversies and tragedies—has matured through the years a peculiarly aristocratic literary talent. Her new book "Gift from the Sea" (#2 on *SR*'s list) is a set of the impressions of this wealthy and visionary woman, who extracts from the smallest things her speculations about God and Man.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

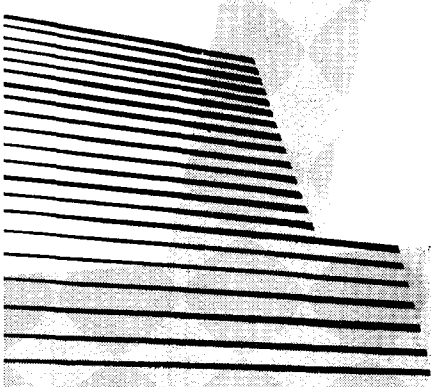
1. **No Time for Sergeants** by Mac Hyman (F)*
2. **Gift from the Sea** by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)**
3. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A** by Richard Aldrich (G)
4. **The View from Pompey's Head** by Hamilton Basso (F)
5. **Sincerely, Willis Wayde** by John P. Marquand (F)
6. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)
9. **I'll Cry Tomorrow** by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
10. **My Several Worlds** by Pearl Buck (G)
11. **Treadmill to Oblivion** by Fred Allen (G)
12. **Bonjour Tristesse** by Françoise Sagan (F)
13. **The Healer** by Frank G. Slaughter (F)
14. **Have Tux, Will Travel** by Bob Hope (G)
15. **Love Is Eternal** by Irving Stone (F)
16. **Hadrian's Memoirs** by Marguerite Yourcenar (F)
17. **Pray for a Brave Heart** by Helen MacInnes (F)
18. **Train of Powder** by Rebecca West (G)
19. **The Public Philosophy** by Walter Lippmann (G)
20. **Fragebogen** by Ernst von Salomon (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

"The best novel to come out of Spain in many a year"
—Saturday Review



THE CYPRESSES BELIEVE IN GOD

by

JOSÉ MARÍA GIRONELLA

GILBERT HIGHET: "A splendid book . . . the first comprehensible portrait of Spain in the years preceding the Civil War."

N. Y. TIMES: "Remarkably objective . . . absorbing . . . [for] anyone who likes to lose himself in a long novel that deals with actual events."

ATLANTIC: "A distinguished documentary novel. . . . The author's narrative power is admirably sustained . . . his numerous characters . . . are drawn with vigor, humanity, and a sharp sense of individuality."

COMMONWEAL: "A work of such power, compassion and significance for our century that its publication in the United States is a major literary event."

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Designed by Herbert Bayer

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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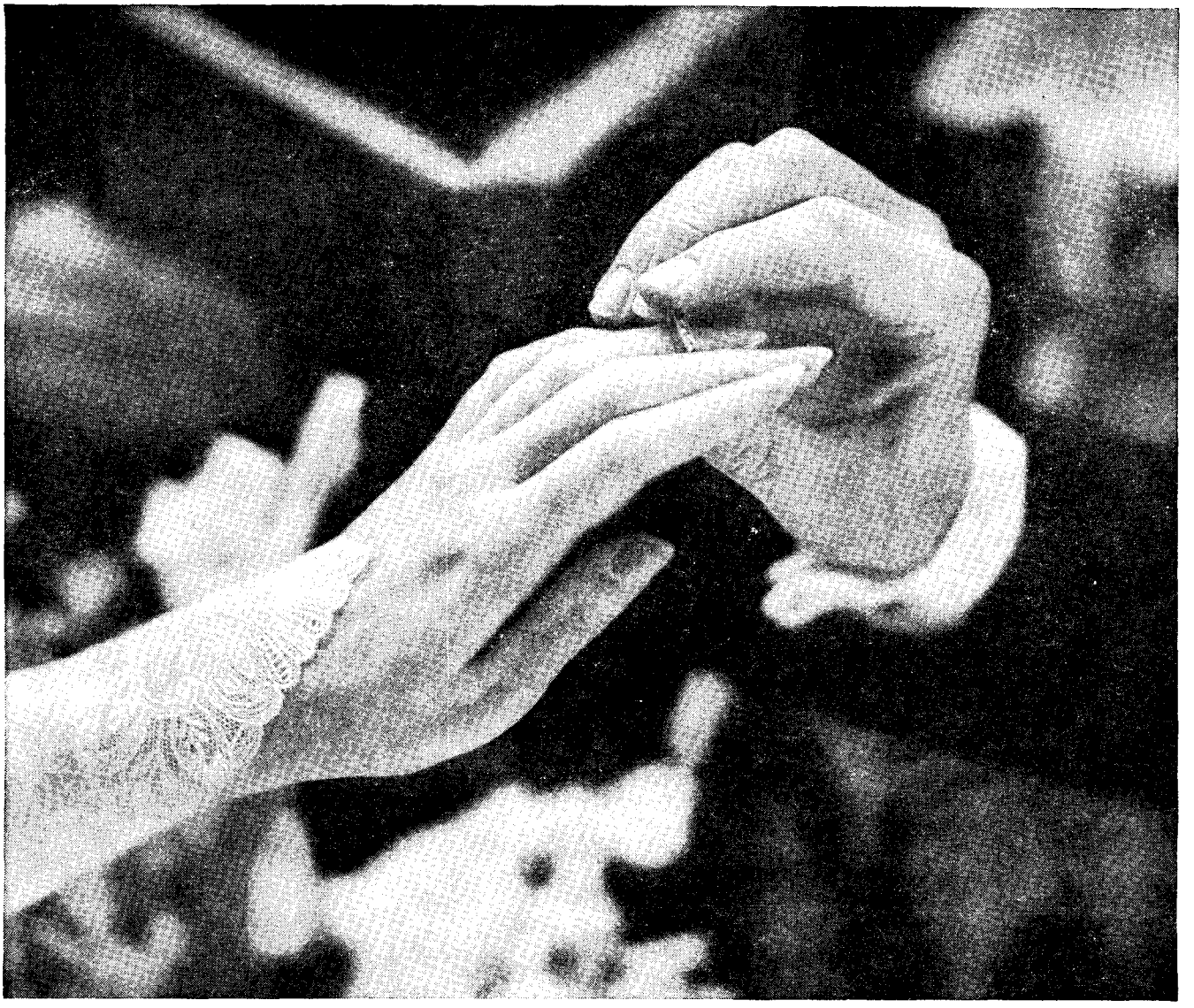

This is a reciprocal agreement, too—

Before the pact is sealed, a common bond born of understanding, respect and admiration is needed.

These qualities are essential for any wholehearted agreement—whether it be a wedding of two people's lives or a welding of two nations' ideas.

Such, too, were the qualities that inspired the highly successful Reciprocal Trade Agreement of 1936, between the United States of America and the Confederation of Switzerland.

Understanding, respect and admiration for each nation's talents and toil were the foundations of this trade treaty.

In the 18 years that followed the Agreement of 1936, our countries enjoyed billions of dollars worth of trade with each other.

In the past nine years alone, the Swiss people bought more than $1,500,000,000 worth of your machinery, tobacco, cotton, food—practically every category of America's farm and factory production.

In return, America purchased approximately $1,000,000,000 worth of goods from Switzerland—gaining a trade balance profit of $500,000,000 for its businessmen, farmers and workers. Almost 50% of America's purchases was in our watches and watch movements.

Uneven as this trade was, it was of great benefit to both our countries. **In Switzerland we serve American food, and our clothes are made of American cotton. Your machinery helped maintain a standard of living second only to your own. And our purchases were paid for in cash.**

Our watches and watch movements helped America, too. They helped build an American jewelry industry that now employs over 150,000 people, does an annual retail watch business of more than $450,000,000. Swiss jeweled-lever watches have long produced the heaviest share of retail jewelry store sales and service volume.

Whether the honeymoon is over for this friendly exchange of goods and ideas is a matter for men—and time—to decide.

For the watch tariff level of the Agreement of 1936 has been discarded, and replaced by a new high tariff on Swiss watches and watch movements.

But we hope that the qualities that have inspired our mutual friendship remain unchanged.

For out of them can grow again the two-way trade that has helped to maintain our economies, that has helped to strengthen our democracies.

Published by
THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND
during the 104th anniversary of
The Treaty of Friendship and Commerce
pledged between the people of
America and the people of Switzerland

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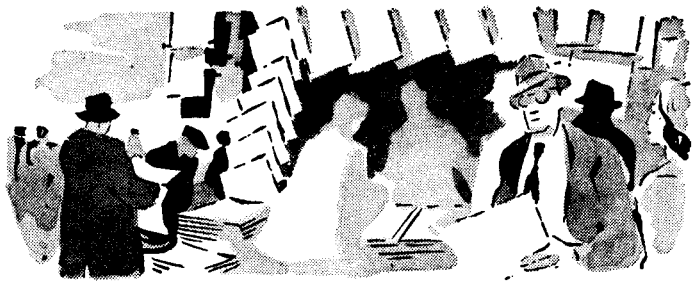
The Saturday Review
APRIL 30, 1955

THE U. S. PRESS IS IN TROUBLE



EDITOR'S NOTE: Freedom of the press, which guarantees a never-ending and—we hope—constructive stream of criticism and commentary, is one axiom of any constitutional society. That press-freedom can be threatened by Hitlers and Stalins everyone knows. But that it is threatened in America by smugness, fat-catism, economic conditions that compel mergers and consolidations, or indolence is not so often explained. It is this aspect of affairs which is discussed for *SR* by Publisher Mark Ethridge of the *Louisville Courier Journal* and Editor Jonathan Daniels of the *Raleigh News and Observer.*

A Publisher's Diagnosis

By MARK ETHRIDGE

I CONFESS that the last five years have been intellectually the most distressing of my life, because I have had the feeling that somewhere along the way we have lost what Justice Holmes called "that faith in the universe not measured by our fears." My greater distress comes from the fact that with some notable exceptions newspapers of the country have been no more alert to what was happening to the United States than nine-tenths of the other citizens. And they should have been, if they are going to possess the power they do.

I fully believe that when historians and sociologists come to study the past five years in American history they will rank what we have done to the concepts of Livingston, Mason, and Jefferson along with the Yazoo frauds, the scandals of the Grant Administration, and Teapot Dome. Fortunately, the country can quickly recover from theft, bribery, or corruption; they are physical. But this period in which we have sacrificed basic freedoms to a fancied security has left wounds that will be a long time healing and scars that will not be erased. We have seen the fulfilment of the warning which Edward Livingston gave in 1789; "If we are to violate the Constitution . . . the country will swarm with informers, spies, and all the odious reptile tribe that breed in the sunshine of despotic power to convey your words distorted by calumny to the secret tribunal where fear officiates as accuser and suspicion is the only evidence that is heard."

Yes, the tide of hysteria is beginning to roll back. We are beginning to regain our senses. Even the Senate Subcommittees seem to be prepared to admit that a man should be faced with his accuser—something which we had always taken for granted until Kafka made it so vivid in his "The Trial" that there could be situations in which the accused never knows what he is charged with or who his accusers are and never enters the courtroom until his case is decided.

But we have come only a little way back. People are beginning to stick their heads up and to counterattack. McCarthy has been censured. But, as Robert Hutchins pointed out to the National Press Club lately, Oppenheimer and Davies have been cleared of disloyalty but are not working for the Government; Ladejinsky is not with the Department of Agriculture; and Dr. Edward Condon, faced with his tenth or eleventh investigation, declared himself out of the game. The poison has gone too far to be recalled. The librarian who got fired in Oklahoma for subscribing to *The Nation* is not working in Oklahoma; Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune and Paul Hoffman have not been invited back to make those speeches they were prevented from making because somebody whispered Mrs. Bethune was subversive and because Paul Hoffman was sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union. Larry Adler and others are not on the American stage any

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more. John Carter Vincent still cannot get justice from the Government.

The list is long and could be much longer. The danger in sacrificing a little liberty, which is what we began to do in 1950, is the same as sacrificing a little virtue. All you can do when virtue goes is to mourn it. But it is worse than that with freedom. When newspapers, among others, began to rationalize the first steps we took to repress some freedoms instead of letting common sense play they set in motion forces that are not easily stopped, as France found out in her Revolution. Repressions of that sort move in ever-widening concentric circles, until at the end every man tends to regard himself as the only authority as to what is 100 per cent Americanism. Thus, the Legion forced the Girl Scouts to rewrite their manual. Minorities which stand to lose most by intolerance are inclined to join the pack. Catholics tried to prevent the showing of "The Miracle." Jewish groups protested "Oliver Twist" and "The Merchant of Venice." The NAACP tried to prevent the revival of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; a Negro bishop protested "Green Pastures." The Legion again tried to prevent the performance of "The Death of a Salesman," because its author was listed in *Red Channels.*

And where were the majority of American newspapers—when the primary job for all of us, particularly those of us who are newspaper people, was to try to help get the country back on the track of the Bill of Rights? That involves saying to the politicians of both parties, "Quit playing politics with our freedoms. They were too hard-won to be kicked around in your cheap and silly game."

There are two specific cases which I should like to mention. The Supreme Court has handed down a revolutionary, or rather an evolutionary, decision affecting segregation. Only one thing is certain about desegregation: its inevitability. But already councils have sprung up through the South that are, despite the feelings of their respectable sponsors, nothing more than uptown Ku Klux Klans. They are largely dedicated to the idea of defeating desegregation "by means short of violence." Now, nobody has any desire to hurry the transition; everybody has sympathy with the special problems that are presented where the population is overwhelmingly Negro. Unfortunately, most of the Southern papers that I have seen have either treated the issue emotionally, allied themselves with the councils, or have been silent. I wonder if it occurs to them that the councils represent nothing more nor less than another Nullification movement.

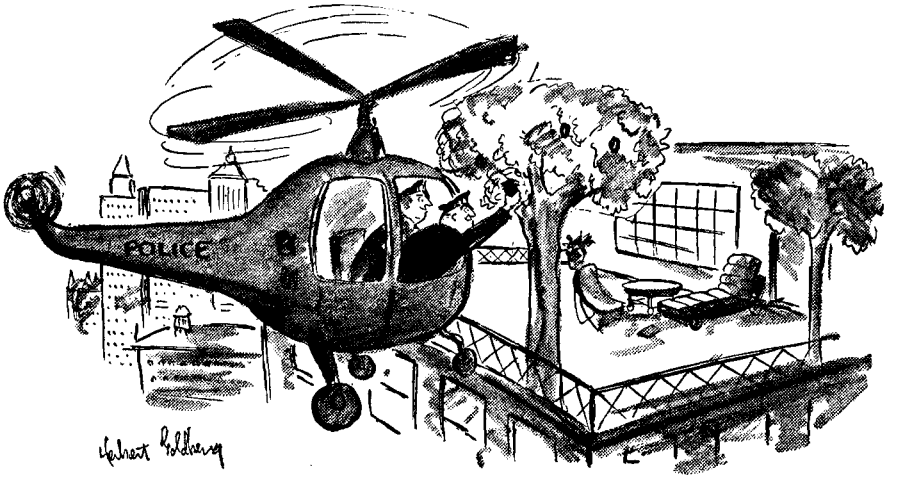
Let me pose one more problem for the press. We are a world power. One of our lines of defense is on the Elbe and another is either in Quemoy and Matsu—or is not in Quemoy and Matsu depending upon how "crystal clear" the President's policy is to you. (It's not at all clear to me.) Well, members of the American Society of Newspaper Editors voted Germany's recovery, as vital as it is to us, the most underplayed story of 1954. I nominate the Formosa story as the most under-explained story of 1955. Here we have been perhaps on the brink of war—at least in a position where it was one man's choice whether or no—and I'll venture that nine-tenths of the American people don't know what it's all about. How many know, for instance, that Formosa doesn't belong to Nationalist China any more than it does to Red China? And that Chiang Kai-shek is there as an interloper? How many know that the Formosans want their freedom as much as anybody else and have fought for it several times? Have we bound ourselves irrevocably to Chiang with the treaty which was ratified the other day? Have we in our overall policy abandoned the Atlantic Charter and the hope that it held out to colonial peoples everywhere? Are we more concerned with legalism and expediency than with human rights?

WHAT I must reassert is that not only the best but the cheapest box-office attraction a newspaper has is its news and editorial content. Let others have their gimmicks, their pogo sticks, their insurance schemes, their tangletowns, and their charity tie-ups. Give me as a publisher a newspaper that prints news fully, fairly, and fearlessly and comments upon it intelligently, and I will take my chances on circulation and advertising. (Of course, I'd make sure as a publisher that editorial excellence was coupled with hard selling and intelligent promotion.)

Publishing a good and profitable newspaper becomes more difficult every day. Economic competition gets stronger and makes the business operation more difficult and much more complex. From the editorial standpoint, America's vaulting into the saddle of power, as Alistair Cooke calls it, has raised in my mind the question whether those who run editorial pages have elevated their mental sights to comprehend their own, and America's, increased responsibilities in a hydrogen world.

Every publisher talks about rising costs and every publisher is justified in doing it. Costs *are* rising, and revenues are not keeping up with them. The profit margin continues to narrow. In an expanding economy the simple thing to do is what the Lord did in "Green Pastures": pass another miracle—that is, raise advertising and circulation rates. But we do not have an expanding economy at the moment. I don't care what political economists say, it is not an expanding economy when, in the light of a growing population, the best comfort we can take is that last year was almost as good as the year before. In my book that is a static economy. If it keeps on being static a good many more newspapers will disappear and a good many more will be pinched profit-wise between the Scylla of rising costs and the Charybdis of the inability to raise rates for fear of a diminishing return. If we have a drastic reduction in national income it will be catastrophic for more newspapers than I care to think about.

When I entered newspaper work there were 2,600 dailies and about 16,000 weeklies in the country. And there wasn't much else to do except go fishing and read. Automobiles were



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a luxury; radio and its troublesome child, television, had not been born. The movies were still pretty much the flickers, and there were, of course, no drive-ins to compete for leisure time. Building costs had not persuaded anybody to do-it-yourself, a craze—which like everything else that competes for time that would ordinarily be given to reading—affects the newspaper habit.

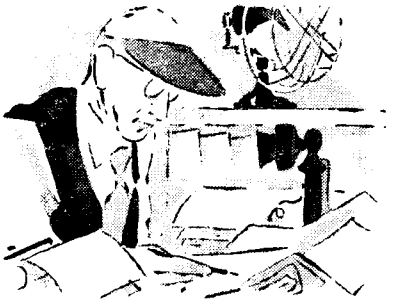
Today, according to the latest available figures, there are 1,765 dailies and 9,591 weeklies in the United States. About twenty dailies died last year. Since 1910 the trend to fewer competitive newspapers has been progressing. Then only 42.9 per cent of the cities were non-competitive: today the figure is 94 per cent. Only ten years ago there were seventy-six chain operations. Today there are ninety-five, controlling 45 per cent of newspaper circulations. Absentee owners operate 379 papers with 30.3 per cent of the daily circulation. Eighteen states have no cities with daily competition. One-fourth of those publishing on Saturday have quit in the past two decades. In 1910 689 American cities had competing dailies; there are only eighty-seven such cities now. In 154 American cities, among them some of the largest, one ownership operates both papers. Since 1924 840 American dailies have merged or died. New ones have been started, but most of them have died, too.

Editor and Publisher has reported that in 1954 newspaper circulation in the United States passed the 55,000,000 mark for the first time. That was a gain of 1.1 per cent, or 600,000 subscribers, over the previous year. But, again, the figures do not tell the whole story. The percentage of gain is not keeping up with the population growth. A study made by our circulation manager shows that in the forty-three largest cities population grew 29 per cent in twenty-five years, while newspapers grew 25 per cent. We have been running hard to do less than stand still. No publisher can take consolation from the fact that, as John Cowles has pointed out, eleven largest Sunday papers lost almost 3,000,000 circulation between 1947 and 1954, or from the figures recently released by *The New York Times* which show that from 1950 through 1954 New York dailies lost 413,692 subscribers and Sunday newspapers lost 1,248,698.

Unfortunately, the advertising picture is not much brighter. Newspapers continue to be by far the preferred medium as against radio, television, magazines, and direct mail, but again that is not the whole story. The advertiser spent more money in 1954 than he did in 1953, but the news-

(*Continued on page* 32)

An Editor's Diagnosis



By JONATHAN DANIELS

MAYBE the best time to look at the press is when the American Newspaper Publishers Association meets at the Waldorf in New York or the American Society of Newspaper Editors fills the Statler in Washington. The publishers make a more opulent appearance, but a good many fat cats have moved in on the editors' organization, too. Still, the overall emphasis with the editors is less on the wealth than the dignity of the press. It is petted by Senators, Cabinet members, generals. Even a President may feel it imperative to fly back from a golf-course in Georgia to gather with a press which proved its power in his election after five bad tries before. Or a Vice President may come to break "off-the-record" a piece of news which can only be printed in the newspapers of his listeners after first publication overseas by a foreign correspondent not caught in the boobytrap of the American press's own making.

In either New York or Washington the American press is impressive. It is impressive in its profits. It is certainly impressive in the multitude of new electronic devices by which it picks up news from every public building and palm-fringed isle, capital and camp around the world. Almost any American daily newspaper is impressive in its very poundage. Indeed, for the whole business of "American know-how" the press seems confident that nowhere is there anything to compare with it.

That is not, however, unanimous opinion. Everybody in the United States from Presidents down knows how the press should be run to improve it—and they are often right. Indeed, he is a rare public official who can't somehow say "I used to be a newspaperman myself." (I would think that one of President Eisenhower's charms as President might be that he never was editor of the *Harvard Crimson*. I doubt even so that that keeps him from feeling occasionally that he could advise to its profit even that press which has treated him so well.) I never met *anybody* who did not have clear ideas as to how the American press could be improved. Of course, the press itself is lousy with new ideas, new gadgets, new processes. The whole country in recent months has been full of newspapers shrinking the width of columns so that advertisers would get a fraction of an inch less space and publishers save tons of newsprint. We are in the process now of substituting perforated tape not only for telegraphers but printers, too. As in other businesses, the ideal becomes one in which the publisher would only be surrounded by machines, notably the cash register. The ultimate goal, of course, would somehow be a newspaper that could get along without newspapermen.

THE amateur critics of the press, however, are concerned with other things than electronic advances, and a professional becomes an apostate when he joins them. Anyhow, as a newspaperman for more than thirty years it seems to me that the American press today must recognize that the greatest dangers it faces are those respectable twins Dignity and Docility. I am aware that they are not the dangers generally worried over. The loudest complaints, indeed, are against opposite faults like vulgarity and arrogance. Vulgarity and arrogance are existent faults. But the other, greater dangers grow from the fact that the American press—like some other American institutions—has grown fat and proud at the same time.

The modern newspaperman likes to deem himself not so much the chronicler of the doings of criminals and politicians as the co-partner of college professors and career diplomats. Many are. But, despite the notion that our national affairs are reported by men free from the fuzziness of bureaucrats and old Senators, I discovered a few years ago that more members of the Gridiron Club had

(*Continued on page* 31)

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An Alternative to Marxism

"The Dignity of Man," by Russell Davenport *(Harper. 338 pp. $4), is a restatement of the ideas of the Austro-Hungarian theosophist Rudolf Steiner in contemporary terms to provide a doctrine around which Americans may rally in their battle against Communism. Professor Ernest Nagel of Columbia University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Sovereign Reason" and other books.*

By Ernest Nagel

IN the past revolutionary social movements have often achieved their goals with the help of messianic doctrines. Yet despite the record most statesmen in the West have learned only slowly and at great cost to appraise the policies of either Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia in the light of the philosophies professed by these countries. The spread of Communist power is often explained in terms of the postwar international military situation, the appeal of economic reforms to the underprivileged, and the growth of nationalist sentiment among colonial peoples. But no account of the expansive dynamism of Communism is adequate which fails to reckon with the role of Marxist *Weltanschauung* in enlisting the allegiances of men. The inconspicuous place occupied by professional philosophers in modern society is certainly no measure of the power of philosophical beliefs in the arena of world events.

Awareness of this fact is the controlling insight of Russell Davenport's posthumous book, "The Dignity of Man." Davenport, it will be recalled, was the liberal Republican who, as editor of *Fortune* magazine, engineered Wendell Willkie's political career. Although Davenport was a defender of the free-enterprise system and an opponent of the "welfare state" he nevertheless believed that extreme individualism in economic and social matters had been rendered obsolete. For several years before his death just a year ago he was engaged in formulating a social philosophy, designed to serve as the intellectual foundation for a reformed capitalism. He became convinced, however, that the threat of Communist world dominion could be met only by totally refuting Marxian philosophy and by constructing an alternative account of the basic nature of things. None of the books he planned to write on these themes was completed at the time of his death.

The present volume is mainly a critique of current scientific knowledge, with an account of a different conception of inquiry which allegedly overcomes the limitations of scientific method as commonly understood. This account is proposed both as a refutation of dialectical materialism and as the indispensable foundation for the belief in the dignity of man and the reality of human freedom. The volume also contains fragments from manuscripts for other books planned by the author; and enough is included to convey the substance of his pluralistic, libertarian social philosophy. The book has been skilfully edited by his widow, and is prefaced by a frank and engaging biographical sketch of the author by John K. Jessup, his one-time editorial colleague.

The book maintains that despite their allegiances to apparently incompatible human ideals Communist Russia and the United States subscribe to a crucial common assumption. This assumption is that human happiness is to be achieved through the manipulation of things "external" to man, through the complete elimination of environmental obstacles to the realization of an inherent human goodness. But this assumption, it is argued, is in turn derived from a more basic commitment—the commitment to the "materialistic" (or "naturalistic") doctrine that man is the product of "matter" alone, and that genuine knowledge is possible only of "external" things. If, however, materialism is the true account of the universe, the great moral ideals of humanity are said to be just illusions on the surface of reality, and Communism is bound to triumph.

DAVENPORT therefore attempts to show that materialism is at best but a partial truth. To show this he maintains that current science yields knowledge only of quantitative, external reality, and that it achieves no genuine understanding of what things *are* in their "qualitative" dimensions. Such understanding can be obtained, though only by way of an "inward-directed" consciousness; and the "inner" world thus encountered is

THE AUTHOR: Up until the day of his death, on April 19 of last year, at the age of fifty-four, Russell W. Davenport, who was often described as a "poet thinker," was a deeply committed citizen of the United States. "Davenport was haunted by the conviction that he had a special mission on this earth," John Knox Jessup, chief editorial writer for *Life*, says in "The Dignity of Man." "This mission was to precipitate in words, from the limitless flux of American life, the special meaning and mission of his country." Davenport sought to do that in several ways—in prose, in editorials, in politics, in speeches, even in poetry. Once, in 1944, he stood up in a crowded living room of a New York apartment and gave a stirring reading of his "My Country: A Poem of America." "Afterward, when we left to go our separate ways," Orville Prescott later wrote, "each of us, I am sure, felt that we had known an uncommon experience." Through much of his life Davenport left a trail of uncommon experiences. A liberal Republican, he signed political ads in 1944 urging Republicans to vote for FDR. (He preferred him to Thomas E. Dewey on foreign policy grounds, but, four years later, he preferred TED to Harry S. Truman.) Above all others, however, the man he preferred to see in the White House was Wendell L. Willkie. It was Davenport who ignited the Willkie boom in 1940, and he even quit his job as editor of *Fortune* to work with Willkie. Davenport first got wrapped up in the U.S. by being born in South Bethlehem, Pa. He was the son of the vice president of Bethlehem Steel. He went to Yale in the early Twenties, lived in Paris, wrote a novel. He later tried his hand at poetry and painting, but he finally settled down to *Fortune* and *Life*. At one time he was chief editorial writer for *Life*; for *Fortune* he edited the special issue of February 1951—"U.S.A.: The Permanent Revolution." About that time he created the Institute for Creative Research. He died before his book was completed. "He feared not death," says Jessup, "but that death might prevent him from passing along his discoveries. . . ."—BERNARD KALB.

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both the source of scientific ideas and of moral knowledge, as well as the guarantor of human dignity and freedom. The philosophical foundations of Marxism and naturalism have therefore been destroyed; and Davenport envisages America's future task as that of learning how to inquire into the nature and destiny of man in the new way proposed.

The central views on knowledge and society advanced in this book are derived from the writings of the Austro-Hungarian theosophist (or anthroposophist) Rudolf Steiner. Indeed, as Mr. Jessup indicates, it had been Davenport's aim to render Steiner's philosophy in a manner appropriate for American readers. Unfortunately, that philosophy does not survive careful scrutiny. In any event, Davenport has not succeeded in making it more plausible when translated into American idiom than it is in its native dress. He was certainly misled when he juxtaposed the quantitative and the qualitative as if they were polar aspects of reality; for even very elementary considerations suffice to show that the quantitative is but a way of specifying *distinctions* within a qualitative continuum, and not a form of reality to be contrasted with the latter. He systematically confounds questions of origin with issues of validity; for even if scientific and moral ideas have their source in an "inner" world their truth or validity is not established by an "inward-directed" inquiry.

Nor has Davenport successfully avoided the ancient confusion between knowledge and the objects of knowledge, so that his basic distinction between the "inner" and the "outer" is never clearly articulated. The reader is informed, for example, that in making a perfect stroke a golfer is "inside" his club and ball, and that the golfer's satisfaction comes from his "contact with the truth."

It therefore appears that the mode of "understanding" which the proposed new way of inquiry is to provide consists in an "intuitive" identification with the objects understood, and perhaps even in some actual merging of those objects with the "inner" world of the observer. The obvious and fatal rejoinder to all this is that to *know* a thing is something quite different from *being* that thing. Only a mind incurably romantic and undisciplined is capable of protesting that a bit of knowledge is inadequate, on the ground that the knowledge claimed is not a *substitute* for the objects known.

This much, at any rate, can be safely asserted: if the containment of Communist power is really contingent on the truth of theosophy the prospects for liberal civilization are bleak indeed.

Iniquitous Inquiry

"Government by Investigation," by Alan Barth *(Viking Press. 231 pp. $3), is a study of the use and abuse of Congressional investigating activity, with special emphasis on recent years. Our reviewer, Lindsay Rogers, is professor of government at Columbia University.*

By Lindsay Rogers

TWO years ago, when Senators McCarran, McCarthy, and Jenner enjoyed their heyday as Grand Inquisitors and the House Committee on Un-American Activities tried vainly, as its classic phrase put it, to "get into the act," an English journalist called attention to an irony that Americans had not yet noticed. The country that fought to rid itself of the privileges of a king, he pointed out, now "finds itself saddled with the unlimited immunities of 531 princelings." Each committee of Congress was an independent satrapy; each chairman, or on occasion even a member, could go it alone. At bottom this was the reason why, alone among the free states of the world, the American Republic went in for witch-hunting and book-burning.

To the antics of the princelings—not 531, because the more respected Senators and Representatives have no yen to play at the same time the roles of detective, prosecutor, jury, judge, and jailer—many publicists have paid due attention. The latest book, "Government by Investigation," by Alan Barth, an editorial writer on *The Washington Post and Times-Herald,* is one of the best. Mr. Barth has the advantage of not having been limited to the dead sea of stenographic records; he was a spectator at some of the scenes he described and saw the inquisitors at work. Thus his story carries a conviction and has a vividness that are lacking in some of the other accounts of how certain Congressional committees have demonstrated an unholy and mistaken zeal, and have not worried over whether—to paraphrase Junius again—services to the public interest justified injustices to individuals.

—*Ellis.*

Alan Barth—"vividness, conviction."

One of Mr. Barth's case studies is something of a scoop. In March 1954 Senator Eastland (Democrat, Mississippi) held a one-man hearing in New Orleans on possible Communist influences on the operations of the Southern Conference Educational Fund. Senator Eastland must have regretted some of his excesses, because the Committee never printed the stenographic record. Mr. Barth has pieced his account together from newspaper reports and the recollections of participants. When counsel for Mrs. Virginia Durr (a sister-in-law of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black) asked whether he could examine witnesses hostile to his client Senator Eastland "frowned and growled that he had 'no intention of standing still for heckling during this hearing; it is unheard of for a witness before a Congressional committee to be cross-examined. It will not be done here'." And when counsel asked what the "ground rules" were the Senator snapped, "I will decide those as we go along and announce them when I desire. Sit down, sir, you are out of order." Later when he was haled before a Senate Committee Senator McCarthy, who does not undervalue his own legal prowess, insisted that he was entitled to counsel, and the Senate was willing to foot the bill. Since the record of these Eastland hearings remained in the stenographers' notes this was one time when there were no citations for contempt.

MR. BARTH agrees with Abe Fortas, a former junior cabinet member and Washington attorney with experience of Congressional investigations: "There are no standards of judgment,

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no rules, no traditions of procedure or judicial demeanor, no statute of limitations, no appeals, no boundaries of relevance, and no finality. In short, anything goes; and everything frequently does—and often on television."

Mr. Barth is caustic on Attorney General Brownell, who appeared before the Jenner Subcommittee and "charged men with espionage (the most prominent was Harry Dexter White) but withheld the proof of his charges on the plea of national security. He might have been told, in a homely American phrase, to put up or shut up. He might have been told, and should have been told, that national security depends less upon the public condemnation of suspected individuals than upon maintenance of the great principles embodied in the concept 'due process of law'."

What of the future? Mr. Barth hopes that the Senate's deflation of Senator McCarthy and that codes for committee procedure will make Congressional inquisitors wary. He is pessimistic—perhaps unduly so—on the likelihood of the Supreme Court's checking the excesses of Congressional witch-hunters. True it is that since 1881, when the Supreme Court curbed a House Committee—perhaps too extremely—the judiciary has endeavored not to interfere with the activities of a "coordinate" branch of the Government even though at times the majorities expressed their distaste for Congressional excesses and the dissenters were eloquent and cogent.

In the Twenties Mr. Justice (then Professor) Felix Frankfurter wrote a famous and much-quoted article "Hands Off the Investigations." At that time corruption in public office was being inquired into—not opinions held by private individuals. When Senator McCarthy was still inflated he summoned before him Corliss Lamont, who held no Government post, who swore that he had never been a member of the Communist Party, and who then refused to answer questions concerning his political beliefs on the grounds that the terms of reference of the Senate Subcommittee on Government Operations did not authorize such inquiries and that the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States barred such questioning. The Senate cited Mr. Lamont for contempt, but some Senators must have voted as they did in the hope that such a case would go to the Supreme Court. If the nine now somewhat younger men hear the case it will be surprising if at least some of the nine do not say, "Hands off Corliss Lamont."

Population Growing-Pains

"The Prevalence of People," by Marston Bates *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 283 pp. $3.95), is a biologist's study of the rapid strides being made in lowering the death rate throughout the world and a consideration of the problems of overpopulation that seem likely to result. Harrison Brown, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Challenge of Man's Future," "Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?" and other books.*

By Harrison Brown

IN "The Prevalence of People" Marston Bates has produced a rarity among books on human populations —a clear, thoughtful, scientifically accurate treatment of an enormously complex subject, yet one which makes the reader feel as though he were listening to the author chat informally from an easy chair in front of the fireplace.

The writing of the book was stimulated by the fact that recently public-health workers have gained extremely powerful new tools with which dramatic results can be obtained in a very short time. Extensive applications of DDT in Ceylon, for example, have resulted in greatly lowered death rates from malaria and fly-carried infant diarrheas. In the first two years following the introduction of an extensive DDT campaign in 1946 general death rates dropped from 20-22 per 1,000 population to 13-14 per 1,000. During the same period the general birth rate remained at approximately the same high level with the result that the rate of population growth reached an unprecedented level.

The Ceylon experience is being repeated with varying degrees of intensity in other localities. I was told recently in India, for example, that malaria will probably be brought under essentially complete control in that country in another five or six years. Malaria is now one of the major killers in India and in view of the remote possibility of the practice of family planning on any appreciable scale it is likely that in that country too population is destined to grow at an unprecedented rate until other causes of death take hold.

Such experiences are matters of grave concern to the nations involved, most of which have difficulty feeding the populations they already have. Such experiences are matters of concern also to the nations of the West where the new chemicals and techniques were developed and which have political stakes in the developments in underdeveloped areas. In like measure there is concern in American public-health organizations which have in part been responsible for the development and dissemination of the new techniques and which have been subjected to severe criticism from some quarters for intensifying the "population problem."

The International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, which has for many years done outstanding work in the public-health field, has been one of the major recipients of this criticism. "Was there any truth in what the alarmists said? And, in any case, could we deal with public health as a separate sort of enterprise, a thing-in-itself, apart from the economic and social problems of the peoples concerned?"

MARSTON BATES, who had long participated in malaria work with the

(*Continued on page* 30)

The Parting

By Sara Henderson Hay

ALAS, not in this temperate land,
This vale, this garden-close and keep,
Delays that spirit by whose hand
Upheld I climbed the windy steep.

She thrives not here, where no winds cry,
But under an inclement sky
And in such harsh and hostile weather
As spurs the lazy blood to leap,
Sets frosty spangles in the eye
And chafes the stiffening wits together.

O Angel, if you will not stay,
Bend on me, then, no backward gaze;
Without one glance begone, depart,
And leave me to my sunny day
And the warm fields where feeds and plays
This witless lamb that is my heart!

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Fadiman's Feuilletons

"Party of One," by Clifton Fadiman *(World Publishing Co. 473 pp. $5), is a collection of short pieces about writing, reading, and sundry topics, from Schrafft's waitresses to fireworks, by one of our best-known emcees.*

By Charles Lee

NO one in his bright mind will miss "Party of One." It introduces Clifton Fadiman, the Great Introducer himself, in his first full-length volume. To his long list of achievements—Book-of-the-Month Club judge, contributor to *Holiday* magazine, *New Yorker* critic, platform reader and lecturer, and radio and television master of ceremonies—must now be added another: first-rate essayist. His admirers have been saying this for a long time; they have now only to point to his sage and scintillant book, credentials to a shelf holding such modern worthies as Christopher Morley, E. B. White, Jacques Barzun, Cornelius Weygandt, Gilbert Highet, Lionel Trilling, and John Mason Brown.

Mr. Fadiman's capering candors range from the frivolous to the philosophical. He can tease a Schrafft's hostess or pay tribute to a Madame Curie with equal aplomb. His bafflement in the face of modern machinery is balanced by his assurance in investigating the symbolism of "Moby-Dick." He is no more afraid of contradictions than Whitman: he will doff his hat to "the ill-informed man" and emit a jeremiad over the decline of attention; he will salute the growth of the Great Books classes from one to 2,000 in the past twenty-five years and note elsewhere that "it seems fairly clear that in our time the attrition of one kind of attention—the ability to read prose and poetry of meaning and substance—is becoming more and more widespread." And it is one of Mr. Fadiman's disconcerting charms that he seems right on both sides of the argument!

His constituents (for his "Party of One" will win a large following) will find him in the mood of a Madison Avenue Montaigne in his opening reflections on being fifty. Now, he says, "I can afford to look my neighbor firmly in the eye and tell him that baseball bores me; that I think intellectuals are often valuable and patriotic citizens; that I no longer find any use for more than two suits of clothes . . . that most expensive fountain pens aren't worth the ink they dribble . . . [and] that I think E. M. Forster, Joyce Cary, and Thornton Wilder more interesting novelists than William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway."

Fadiman's "admirations" include Sinclair Lewis ("Mercutio from the prairies"); E. B. White, whom he defends as "a major writer"; Ogden Nash; Abner Dean, who provides him with "a welcome ration of disquietude"; G. K. Chesterton, who knew the art of conducting an argument without turning it into a quarrel; and the Curies. Among this reader's admirations are the brilliant introductions Mr. Fadiman has gathered under the heading "Lead-Ins": his penetrating statement of the case for and against Henry James; his enthusiasms for "Huckleberry Finn" and "Dodsworth"; his memorable assessment of "War and Peace" (here greatly abridged); and his stunning commentaries on "The Pickwick Papers" and the character of Charles Dickens (in one of his happy sophistications Fadiman says of Dickens's first masterpiece: "It is not even a true picaresque; at best it is a pickwickaresque").

ON THE attack Mr. Fadiman is a formidable assailant. He is master of the bodkin phrase. His parody of Thomas Wolfe demonstrates the art of turning Gulliver into a Lilliputian by a series of pinpricks. He dismisses Gertrude Stein as "the mama of dada." He bemoans the anticlimactic progress of John O'Hara. While allowing that Faulkner is "a writer of genuine idiosyncrasy," he performs a dazzling anatomy of the filibusterer from Yoknapatawpha County ("All of Mr. Faulkner's shuddery inventions pale in horrendousness before the mere notion of parsing him"). His witty summation: "Charles Addams trying to be Dostoievski."

"Party of One" covers many other subjects, too: children's literature, science fiction, conversation, book-reviewing, the art of toastmastering, fireworks, and the distinction between clowns and comics. It has both quotability and rereadableness. It quips, challenges, illuminates, sparkles, and connects with ideas. Mr. Fadiman's carbonations and clarity are more than the bubbling of a champagne style; they bespeak a mature and wily mind, a creative Communicator who enhances letters, stimulates thought, provokes laughter, articulates awareness, and enriches his own times.

Spring and Fall

By Dachine Rainer

O MY LOVE, the earth unfolding us,
Our tight fiddle heads, our clasped wonder
We are green and soft. We are caught.

O where have we been, my love? Bring us,
By effort, both of us, out of mud, thunder
Our coming here. We are set:

Hold the world at bay, my love, stop us
At spring, bore us with beginnings, blunder
Us through apples and serpents. We have met.

Under such subterfuge, my love, as this,
Our fern, unfolding us, will spear the air, render
The clasping, spurn the sun. We are spent.

O my love, unfolding is spending us,
Renewing the wind's provoking anger,
The raging of the sun. We are spent.

O, freeze us, at last, my love, return us
To earth, mock our former wonder:
We are harsh and brown. We are spent.

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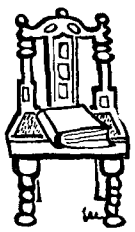
The Bitch Goddess



"The Dream of Success," by Kenneth S. Lynn *(Little, Brown. 269 pp. $4), is an attempt to discover how the rags-to-riches myth affected American culture around the turn of the century through an examination of the work of five leading novelists. Maxwell Geismar, literary critic and historian of the American novel, appraises it below.*

By Maxwell Geismar

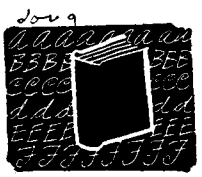
IN "The Dream of Success" Kenneth S. Lynn has a good thesis and works it into the ground. The purpose of his book is to show how the Horatio Alger myth of success influenced American culture around the turn of the century. He concentrates on five writers—Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips, and Robert Herrick—whose work, he claims, was corrupted by the psychology of rags-to-riches. But this view ignores other and perhaps more important intellectual influences of the period, such as the rise of social Darwinism, the pragmatism of William James, the populist revolt in the West, and the strong current of social protest which also marked the 1900s.

The period was actually one of conflict and tension; and what is fascinating in any authentic study of its novelists is to see how these different elements are combined in their work. Mr. Lynn follows up only one strand in this interwoven pattern, and reaches a triumphant conclusion at the cost of the whole truth. Sometimes these essays are almost deliberately perverse; there are intimations of a "Menckenism" of the 1950s, which aims to shock rather than to edify. It is hard to believe that Mr. Lynn really considers Dreiser as a "man of ice," concerned only with money and sex, and having a lifelong opposition to political and economic reform. To make his point here Mr. Lynn distorts the whole significance of Dreiser's career, the meaning of his work, as well as the facts of his life.

With Jack London there is, on the face of it, a better case. It was the split between London's personal values and his social idealism which in large part helped to destroy this gifted artist. Yet here, too, Mr. Lynn has no real interest in describing London's authentic talent, Poe-esque and derived from a dream-world not of success but of personal and even racial anguish. The essay contends that it was the process of "making money out of socialism" which slowly killed London. The real fact is that London's socialism, however confused, drew upon him the same kind of abuse and popular censure which had been accorded to William Dean Howells before him, for the same reason. London's socialism interfered with his money-making.

Frank Norris, too, was an interesting cross of Nietzschean yearnings and the movement for social reform which marked his period. (By the time of the "second generation" the mythology of rags-to-riches had taken on the uglier trappings of racial prejudice, imperialism, and war; it is still with us.) But by stressing the strain of anti-Semitism in "The Octopus," for example, Mr. Lynn omits the real meaning of the book, which was after all a study of monopoly capitalism in the West. And in stressing the parental conflicts in Norris's life Mr. Lynn uses his Freudian insights, like his cultural standards, not to illuminate his subject, but to ridicule it.

It is a relief to say that the essays on David Graham Phillips and Robert Herrick rise above this level of youthful sophistication; perhaps because Phillips was a popular journalist whose temperament can be encompassed by Mr. Lynn's formulas, and because Mr. Lynn himself is actually very close to Herrick's academic nihilism. But elsewhere Mr. Lynn has had to reject not only much valuable material in the books of his own authors, but most of the criticism which has been written about them. Thus we read with some astonishment about the "strategy" of Van Wyck Brooks, as though this generous critic were a political commissar. Similarly, because Alfred Kazin misspells the narrator's name in Phillip's "The Plum Tree" his opinion of the novel "cannot be considered reliable." What shall we say then when Mr. Lynn describes the Aileen Butler of "The Financier" and "The Titan" as—Aileen Burke?



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TITULARLITERATION

Authors are as adept as anybody at applying "apt alliteration's artful aid," particularly in the construction of titles. Here are twenty examples (mainly, but not exclusively, in the field of prose fiction) together with the names of twenty authors. Kindly match titles and authors. If you identify twelve or fewer, hide the head; if from thirteen through seventeen, lament less lugubriously; if from eighteen up, raise the roof. Answers on page 30.

1. The Battle of the Books	( ) Sherwood Anderson
2. Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush	( ) George Borrow
3. The Conquest of Canaan	( ) Raymond Chandler
4. The Delectable Duchy	( ) Douglas Southall Freeman
5. Headlong Hall	( ) Thomas Hardy
6. The Lady in the Lake	( ) Nathaniel Hawthorne
7. The Lady of the Lake	( ) Lafcadio Hearn
8. Lee's Lieutenants	( ) Henry James
9. Liza of Lambeth	( ) Rudyard Kipling
10. Many Marriages	( ) Sinclair Lewis
11. Merton of the Movies	( ) Ian Maclaren
12. Parson's Pleasure	( ) Somerset Maugham
13. Portraits of Places	( ) Christopher Morley
14. The Prodigal Parents	( ) Thomas Love Peacock
15. The Romany Rye	( ) Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch
16. The Rose and the Ring	( ) Sir Walter Scott
17. Stray Leaves from Strange Literature	( ) Jonathan Swift
18. Twice-Told Tales	( ) Booth Tarkington
19. Two on a Tower	( ) W. M. Thackeray
20. Wee Willie Winkie	( ) Harry Leon Wilson

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The G. G.* Poet Again

"Walt Whitman Reconsidered," by Richard Chase *(William Sloane Assoc. 191 pp. $3.75), offers a number of new interpretations of the work of a poet being much discussed this year, the centennial of the publication of "Leaves of Grass." Our reviewer, W. T. Scott, is the former literary editor of the* Providence Journal.

By W. T. Scott

RICHARD CHASE begins his extended essay "Walt Whitman Reconsidered" with the observation that Whitman is "different from us" —his times were larger, more optimistic, more generous; and Chase concludes by wondering to what extent the poet of "Leaves of Grass" may be said "to live for us" at any given time. To Chase Whitman at his greatest is a genuinely great poet; but he questions—quite rightly—whether contemporary criticism and teaching give Whitman anything better than a barely veiled antagonism or a fairly meaningless lip-service, and he is certain Whitman's book is not read as widely or intelligently as it deserves.

It may be that Chase is a bit overconscious of the current academic-critical canons, even though he challenges them, and not fully aware of the inaudible, still existent general reader who numbers among his kind a great many knowledgeable admirers of Walt Whitman. Nonetheless, one recognizes a considerable truth in Chase's remarks on literary fashions whose "ideal is a well-made poem (or poetic play or novel) full of symbols which admit a religious interpretation," fashions which prefer, as he cites among many other clever instances, "Billy Budd" to "Moby-Dick"; and he says, "The state of mind they reflect is not to be admired, suggesting, as it does, a dislike for writing which arises out of the native energies and dilemmas of life and is committed to the radical literary and cultural values of its time. 'Song of Myself' is this kind of writing."

These are pointed remarks not only useful as an approach to Whitman. A full-scale development of them should prove to be the most effective criticism of the Eliot and post-Eliot domination of our poetry that could be made: a really rooted, traditional criticism, far beyond carping dissent, it could set against the undoubted values of the Eliot School another and a probably greater way of writing. I would hope to see Richard Chase sometime do just this, for he is developing an independent, clean-cut critical line. True, he began his career with the most addlepated book on Melville, thoroughly entrenched in the *reductio ad absurdum* of symbol-snarking; he then, however, wrote the best book on Emily Dickinson yet done, and though one cannot say the same of this "Whitman" this essay again reveals Chase's common sense and uncommon perception.

Whitman, Chase concludes, was a man of many masks and, "paradoxically extremely civilized and extremely primitive." His best poetry emerged—most of it early in his true career—from his conception of self as both representative of and antagonistic to the American democratic mass; later, after the break of Civil War and his own health, he lost hold of this mutable tension and his verse for the most part lapsed into oratory. "Song of Myself" leads all his poetry—a point elaborated several years ago, though Chase seems unaware of this, by Malcolm Cowley in his excellent introduction to Whitman's work.

There is a minimum use of biography, as is suitable for this sort of essay. Chase makes a good use, essential and clarifying. I for one do not find wholly clear, though, his attempts to define Whitman as "a comic poet"; a subtlety here either escapes my understanding or, if I do understand it, I am unconvinced. I think Chase, at this point, may be trying to be "new."

*Good Gray

Afterthoughts in Acid

IN 1943 one Philip Wylie exploded some bombs and badinage about the then current dilemma of man. He called his book **"Generation of Vipers,"** *and, since then, it has sold 180,000 copies, prompted numerous thoughts of suicide (according to Mr. Wylie, he was forced to talk to one young lady who sat on the window sill of a Manhattan skyscraper with a copy of "Vipers" on her lap for an hour) and it has brought an extraordinary amount of praise, including, again according to Mr. Wylie, a telegram from the late Harvard anthropologist Ernest Hooton which wound up, "PUT OUT THE LANTERN OF DIOGENES FOR HERE BY GOD IN THE PLAIN LIGHT OF DAY IS AN HONEST MAN." Now, on the occasion of his book's twentieth edition (Rinehart, $4), Mr. Wylie has added some footnotes to his original edition which are almost as interesting as the book. Here are a few:*

• • During World War II it was generally assumed that the "differentness" of the Germans would remain self-evident for some centuries. Genocide alone, taken as a national principle, gave Germany a distinction shared in kind and scale only with the Soviets. Today, however, owing to a fearful need of allies to stand against the red tide, these Hitlerian eccentricities have been glossed over. Men like Dulles have fitted Germany into the "defense picture" (against the remembering reluctance of France) and words like "Dachau" are losing their emotional impact. This change in viewpoint is one more evidence of the emotional nature of our age which, if it stemmed from the principle of *laissez faire* before the war, now surely has the earmarks of that even more urgent motive: *sauve qui peut.*

• • It did not occur to me . . . in 1941 that orthodox religion by 1955 would have become a new refuge for masses of Americans who, out of sheer panic, had refused to look at themselves or to study science. I was well aware of the coming "atomic age" and its horrifying probabilities, but I was not able to perceive then that unconscious fear would shatter the common sense of multitudes.

• • Since I wrote [of certain atrocious Japanese methods of making war] we have cooked a million or so Japs in napalm, which is a form of gasoline, and left some other thousands mere man-shaped carbon stains on radioactive sidewalks.

• • Although World War II continued for more than three years no noteworthy songs ever emerged. The ballads of World War I are, today, more frequently heard. The songs of the Second War were weak and dependent ("God Bless America"), fatuous ("Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition"), feeble-minded ("There'll Be Bluebirds Over the White Cliffs of Dover"), or childish in an effort to be martial ("Off We Go, Into the Wild, Blue Yonder").

• • No one seems willing to confess that "juvenile delinquency" as it occurs these days is, quite plainly, proof that the "American way of life" itself is sick. . . .

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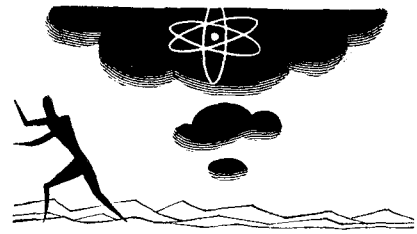
Dilemmas of Our Dawn Age



"The Accident," by Dexter Masters *(Alfred A. Knopf. 406 pp. $4), is a dramatic presentation of the tragedy that befell a physicist as a result of atomic experimentation.*

By Edmund Fuller

A GRIPPING, somberly impressive novel is offered us by Dexter Masters, who in 1946 was co-editor of "One World or None: A Report to the Public on the Full Meaning of the Atomic Bomb." It is that meaning which still preoccupies him as he turns, in "The Accident," to the dramatic medium of fiction.

Back in 1946, about the time Masters's previous book appeared, a young Canadian physicist named Louis Slotin died an appalling death in the Los Alamos hospital. The facts were slow to emerge. He had taken a devastating dose of hard radiation, resulting from a minute miscalculation in a routine but crudely set up experiment. He lasted nine tragic days that made medical history. Yet an item in a recent issue of *The New York Times* asserted that doctors, faced with enigmas in Civil Defense planning, were protesting the AEC's refusal to release certain detailed medical data on Louis Slotin.

Mr. Masters has dedicated "The Accident" to Louis Slotin "and more than one hundred thousands others." His Louis Saxl, in his interesting but fictitious personal life and history, is not Louis Slotin. But it would be foolish to pretend that Louis Saxl's accident is other than a closely reasoned fictional interpretation and meditation upon the Slotin case.

As such I found it spellbinding, even though Masters sometimes goes the long and elaborate way around to make a point. After setting the strange Los Alamos scene his opening chapter, "A Glow in the Canyon," confronts us immediately with the fact of Louis Saxl's accident—silent, invisible, and irrevocable.

Then we are set for the vigil around the bedside which has become the dramatic focus of that specialized, isolated community. We share Louis's grim awareness, the subdued councils of the many doctors rushed in by plane from far places, the reactions of the physicists who are his friends and colleagues without whose counsel, in this instance, the doctors cannot practise their medicine. We meet the nurse, Betsy, and Louis's girl, Theresa, and his parents and sister. The colonel in charge of the scene, a decent man, follows the policy he knows he must, against the veiled antagonism between Army and scientists. A Congressman wants to quiz Louis about having fought in Spain, and wants a guard around him lest he lapse into delirium and babble "secrets."

The notable accomplishment of Masters is that he has not had to launch out in fantasy and destroy our cities with hydrogen bombs to make us weigh the dark questions. The making and unmaking of Louis Saxl are enough for him. This one human being is his theatre.

As the physicist David Thiel realizes: ". . . except for these catastrophes to people and nuclei nothing wholly irrevocable has taken place either in the world or in the pile; one might stop there; the real dangers still lie ahead."

Louis's experiment is an analogue: "Possibly something was done in the expectation that it would build up intensity a little—much as someone might say let's build a few more bombs and see where we are then—and instead it took the experiment right across the critical threshold."

And as Louis himself said: "Do you know what I fear, almost most of all? That it might happen without any real meaning on anyone's part. That it might just be somebody's mistake."

Dexter Masters—"haunting questions."

The haunting questions of our time are packed here in this subdued, vibrant book, pinpointed on the bed of Louis Saxl without recourse to the hydrogen glare. Masters sketches brilliant portraits of physicists and their talk, reflecting dilemmas both technical and moral in this dawn age. "The Accident" is a novel that does much to reaffirm the dignity of fiction.

Notes

This spring book season, like all book seasons, brings its quota of novels that shoot for high marks and do not quite make them or aim at lower targets and strike them. Four such noteworthy books are appraised below.

UNDERSEA ORDEALS: The publishers of the best-selling **"Run Silent, Run Deep,"** by Commander Edward L. Beach (Holt, $3.95), have compared it with the *once-best-selling* "The Naked and the Dead," and it is no service to Commander Beach's book to do so. "The Naked and the Dead" was a sour, disgruntled book which completely neglected the fact that men in war are not always having a hell of a bad time. "Run Silent, Run Deep" does not neglect this fact. Moreover, it is written in English and does not have to depend on shock effect. It tells a straight story which should become a classic of its kind. The story is the first-person narrative of E. J. Richardson, the skipper of a training submarine at the time the war opens, and its first concern is with his effort to qualify his friend and executive officer, Jim Bledsoe, for submarine command. Bledsoe fails in a passage that sets an early emotional high point and provides much of the underlying tension for the rest of the book. There is also a rather minor love story, which is not very good for Hollywood but is much better as literature since the girls back home occupy just about the place they really do in submariners' minds. But the main interest throughout remains the interaction of the submariners upon one another's character and development—and the effect of the progress of the submarine war on both. To say that the characterizations are adequate sounds like a damn with faint praise;

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but let it be said with no such intention, for, though the situations into which it is possible to put the crew of a submarine tend toward stereotypes, they do not do so here and, in addition, Commander Beach has avoided the opposite error of making his people so individual that they are a bunch of freaks. Indeed, the book almost deserves the abused classification of "semi-fiction," so painstaking are its details and so carefully assembled. —FLETCHER PRATT.

STALKING A RED: "Day of Reckoning" (Holt, $3), a novel by Ralph de Toledano, has some of the elements of an exciting thriller. It is built around a baffling crime and it presents an interesting hypothesis, involving treason in high and low places. Mr. Toledano links the murder of an Italian journalist (whose fate resembles that of the late Carlo Tresca) with Soviet espionage, and he sends a quixotic American newsman scurrying after the killer in hard-boiled private-eye fashion. Paul Castelar, the avenger, stokes himself with Fundador, fondles his Beretta, and stalks a Communist hatchet man from Harlem to a Puerto Rican graveyard, with significant detours on Park Avenue and in Washington, D. C. Like any good Raymond Chandler-type sleuth, Paul is irresistible to girls (though he modestly wonders why) and invulnerable.

Though Mr. Toledano's hero moves fast on occasion, his story does not—slowed down as it is by a surplus of rhetoric and a dearth of action. This inactivity would be excusable if Castelar had some genuine interior problem; but the die is cast early in the book, and the rest is a matter of mechanics. The mechanics, however, are too well oiled; there are no really tough obstacles in Castelar's way. To paraphrase Mickey Spillane, it is all *too* easy. By the time the moody avenger realizes that "he was tired of talking, of repeating the story of Gino

(*Continued on page* 30)

—*Illustrations from "Laurette."*

With J. Hartley Manners—"torture hidden."

THE DISTAFF SIDE

From Hell and Under

***"Laurette," by Marguerite Courtney** (Rinehart. 433 pp. $5), is the biography of the actress Laurette Taylor, whose career veered dramatically from bleak childhood to stardom to alcoholism and back to stardom.*

By Allen Churchill

STAGE star Laurette Taylor was born Loretta Cooney on 125th Street in upper New York City. Her father, genial when drunk, was a sullen, defeated man sober. Close at hand he kept a whip and with it almost daily thrashed his spindle-legged daughter. Her mother made no effort to stop the beatings, but on every possible occasion rushed the child to the balcony of a theatre, where she hoped to kindle an interest in acting in Loretta.

Between the extremes of harshness at home and the magic of the stage—says Marguerite Courtney, Miss Taylor's daughter, in "Laurette," a tender, touching, and altogether rewarding biography—the child found a nether world of unreality where she lived until the final years of her life. But, unlike most escapists, Miss Taylor had genius (Helen Hayes and others have called her the greatest actress America has produced). This enabled her to live out the dream world while on the stage. For the harsher, less exciting world beyond the wings the impish actress who created "Peg O' My Heart" used two husbands as buffers between her and reality. When the second, and far superior one, died she was totally lost, to become the alcoholic who after ten almost hopeless years made such a triumphant comeback in "The Glass Menagerie."

Even so, the witty, ebullient actress with the Tom Sawyer grin can't altogether be explained in such terms. She was somehow able to develop, even while emotionally undeveloped. Both her marriages—the first at sixteen—were to men her superior in years, education, and (supposedly) mentality. She caught up to each, left him behind. It seems incredible, but it was handsome movie actor John Gilbert, whom Miss Taylor met cataclysmically at the peak of her career, she perhaps should have married. But when she got up nerve to ask her second husband for freedom she found that the remote, dignified J. Hartley Manners understood her so well he could demolish the idea with a single sentence. In ten years Gilbert was dead and she was a drunkard.

Because of its alcoholic overtones—Hartley Manners too drank, but always like a gentleman—"Laurette" will be compared to Lillian Roth's "I'll Cry Tomorrow." Picture a whole family lying awake night after night "frozen with misery and horror listening to the sounds from [Laurette's room on] the third floor, sounds which seemed to come from hell and under . . . wildly crying out in loud inhuman voice on the vistas of damnation it had come to know."

But essentially "Laurette" is the story of a light spirit, with all torture hidden. Much of it is as colorful as Miss Taylor's life seemed to her public. Reading of the talent-parties at the house on Riverside Drive is a lively and nostalgic experience. Laurette was far from the sweetness-and-light girl she portrayed in Peg. Once when Mrs. Pat Campbell complained of being sixty-nine her acid-tongued hostess snapped back, "But, Stella dear, you don't act a day over ten." Laurette treated her daughter none too well, alternately spoiling and forgetting her as a child, making her a prime target of abuse when she drank. It's a pleasure to report, in a day when childhood supposedly counts for everything, that Mrs. Courtney bears no resentment toward her problem mother. She probes deep, but never forgets Laurette was one of the great actresses, and for that alone deserves to be treated with compassion.

On stage—"witty, ebullient."

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The Empress's Apprenticeship

"The Memoirs of Catherine the Great," edited by Dominique Maroger *(Macmillan. 400 pp. $5), contains the recollections of the fabulous Russian empress's first thirty years, bringing the story down to three years before her accession to the throne. Professor Ernest J. Simmons of Columbia University, who reviews it here, is the author of a number of studies of Russian literature.*

By Ernest J. Simmons

IN AN age when published accounts by rulers, famous statesmen, and public figures of their lives and activities have become a commonplace, Dominique Maroger's English-language version of the eighteenth-century "Memoirs of Catherine the Great" forces comparison with them in the dangerous art of autobiographical self-revelation. Catherine writes more in the intimate spirit of the "Confessions" of a Rousseau rather than as a maker of history, which is the approach Sir Winston Churchill employs in his remarkable postwar memoirs. Further, Catherine is everlastingly aware that she is a woman in a man's world, in which feminine weaknesses are not easily tolerated by the foible-ridden swaggering lords of creation.

The "Memoirs," unfortunately, covers only the first thirty years of Catherine's life, ending three years before her accession to the throne. And since the manuscript was written over several periods during her long reign, hindsight no doubt plays a part in the motivation which she attributes to herself and others for political behavior and actions during the years of her marriage to the future Peter III. Historians, to whom the "Memoirs" has been accessible in the original French, have long since recognized this possibility and thus have tended to question the veracity of Catherine's account on various points.

Nevertheless, Catherine's story has the ring of truth as one of the frankest exposures of a great sovereign on the stage of history. Contributory evidence has largely supported the unflattering picture she gives of her husband, so utterly unfit to rule an empire, though she deftly avoids implicating herself in the events that led to his death or murder. Nor does she solve for posterity the legitimacy of her son the Emperor Paul, though it seems to me that the evidence of the "Memoirs" points pretty clearly to her lover Serge Saltikov as the father of this first child.

These unsolved problems, however, do not detract from the principal achievements of the "Memoirs"—the remarkably frank portrait that Catherine draws of herself, and the brilliant historical picture she provides of Court life in eighteenth-century Russia. Here the high literary skill of Catherine the writer of plays, essays, and scintillating letters is everywhere manifested. As a girl of fifteen she journeyed from the tiny principality of Anhalt-Zerbst to faraway Russia, the destined bride of the future heir to the throne, a dissolute buffoon who spent his time playing with toy soldiers and training scores of dogs in their nuptial quarters. With a wisdom beyond her years she set out at once to prepare herself for a lofty destiny. In a revelatory passage in the "Memoirs" at the time of her betrothal to Peter, she wrote, "I felt little more than indifference towards him, though I was not indifferent to the Russian Crown." She cultivated her mind by omnivorous reading, strove to gain the friendship of all around her, learned the Russian language and the customs and manners of the people, became more devout in her adopted religion of Russian Orthodoxy than the natives themselves, and trod warily among the vicious intriguers who beset her on every side. When the time of crisis came she was fully armed to take her place as the head of an empire which her faltering husband almost willingly abdicated. And the subsequent achievements of her reign testify both to the thoroughness of her preparations and her natural abilities.

THE "Memoirs" barely lifts the curtain on that aspect of Catherine's character which historians have denominated her greatest weakness—her sensuality. For only three lovers, of the fifty-five which one historian has attributed to her, appear in these pages—Saltikov, Poniatovski, and Gregory Orlov. She herself declares that if she could only have had a husband who loved her she would have been faithful to him. Circumstances, however, prevented this. She gave a great deal of herself to those whom she sincerely loved, such as Gregory Orlov and Potemkin, but to the parade of temporary favorites who marched through her life, up to her death at the age of sixty-six, she gave only the moments she snatched from her multitudinous daily tasks. One of them said that he was for her a sort of male courtesan. For the most part she worked and loved like a man.

—*Frontispiece from the book.*

Catherine—"high literary skill."

Certainly no future ruler ever underwent a more trying and discouraging apprenticeship than Catherine. The "Memoirs" presents a stark picture of her trials. The winds blew through the rooms she occupied, and they were often infested with vermin, rats, and mice. The demigorgons the Empress Elizabeth placed over Catherine tormented her with their cruelty, suspicion, and spying. No sooner did she find affection in one of her ladies-in-waiting than the Empress would remove her. Catherine's children were torn away from her at their birth and she never saw them for weeks on end. And her weak-minded husband's harsh scraping on the violin which alternated with the howling of the half-dozen spaniels he trained for hunting lasted from seven o'clock in the morning until the small hours. "I admit," writes Catherine, "that I was driven half mad and suffered terribly as both these musical performances tore at my ear-drums from early morning till late at night."

In such a setting Catherine grew to queenly stature, and the "Memoirs" reveals this process with a wealth of detail and a literary flair that make this work absorbing reading.

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A Mellow Therapy

"Bottoms Up!" by Cornelia Otis Skinner *(Dodd, Mead. 208 pp. $3), is a new collection of light and reminiscent pieces by the daughter of a distinguished actor who has made her own way in the world.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

TO OPEN a brand-new, gaily jacketed book by Cornelia Otis Skinner and find that one has already read much of it before in *The New Yorker* or *The Reader's Digest* is a little disappointing, but inevitable. Book royalties being what they are today, any author who can pull off the trick is justified in collecting as much magazine cash as possible prior to publication. Fortunately, Miss Skinner's humor is almost as enjoyable taken à la carte as it was the first time you read it, served up on a table of contents.

But Skinner reprinted is one thing, Skinner repeating herself is another. When a couple of pages from "Hearing Voices" in Miss Skinner's new book, "Bottoms Up!" turn out to be a rewrite of "The Captain's Table" in her old book "Excuse It, Please!" —when that joke about using the broad *a* on words like "hand" crops up once more, as it did in, for instance, both the widely anthologized pieces "The Body Beautiful" and "It's a Wise Parent"—then even a loyal Skinnerite may feel the lady is getting over-thrifty with her material.

With these captious preliminaries out of the way, I can go on to say what does not need saying: that Cornelia Otis Skinner is a wit who can write agreeably on practically any subject, and who is particularly adept at treating the genteel moment of inadequacy or the small social dilemma. She goes on examining affectations, her own most of all, but even when apparently busiest at making herself the central figure of fun she is slyly evening scores with the people who embarrassed her. (Come to think of it, what a wonderful form of self-therapy! To be able to wash away the memory of one's embarrassing moments and then sell the results to *The New Yorker*!)

In the new book, "Where to Look" will probably be top favorite. Where to look while sitting across from a stranger at a table for two; where to look while the gypsy violinist is playing at you, or while waiting for the elevator, or when you keep running into people to whom you have already said an animated goodbye. Most of us have been in one or more of these tiny predicaments, and will recognize our own discomfiture while we enjoy Miss Skinner's.

While this chapter is in Miss Skinner's familiar vein, "Bottoms Up!" is quieter, mellower, and more reminiscent in mood than the author's previous books. Here she comes as close as she has ever come to sentiment. Looking back on her distinguished stage career, she writes of her famous father, of her job-hunting days, and her summers on the straw-hat circuit. (There is a fine yarn in this one, about the time she played La Cavallini in Edward Sheldon's "Romance," and had to have a live monkey to carry on her muff.)

Her problems seem at once more special and more stylish than they used to be, which is not to be wondered at. Once she essayed skating and rumba lessons, and found herself stranded horizontal on beaches with amateur astronomers intent on pointing out Cassiopeia. Nowadays she copes with retriever trials, or wonders where to refrigerate a surfeit of wild duck, or has a hard time getting a book at the Bibliothèque National. She is still blithe and vague, however—or convinces us that she is —and if, with years and success, she should run out of embarrassing moments altogether we can at least look forward to some delightfully unstuffy memoirs.

Notes

BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE: Those of us who cut our sophistication eye-teeth on the early novels of Evelyn Waugh often paused to wonder if such improbable people as Angela Runcible, Father Rothschild, and Basil Seal could possibly exist. In **"Mercury Presides"** (Harcourt, Brace, $5) some light is shed on the Runcible type, if not on the others. For its author, Daphne Fielding, was a genuine member of the Bright Young People who lived out Mr. Waugh's clever fancies by attending Mrs. James Corrigan's Stunt Parties, playing follow-the-leader over the counters at Selfridge's, and swooning over American jazz. The Waugh-like antics of the Hon. Daphne (and somehow they leave the novelist with an imagination not so fertile as it seemed) today seem a bit silly. Far more interesting are the factors, aside from postwar madness, that made her that way. For one thing, she never saw her mother, but was brought up by a succession of nanas, one of whom nightly asphyxiated her to sleep by putting a tube from the gas fire into her mouth. Her father—the best-etched figure in the book—was Lord Vivian, a man of titanic temper who gave his children the same orders he

—By Alajalov, from the book.

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gave his beloved dogs. When Daphne (or brother Tony, who in true Waugh fashion grew up to lead a dance band) did anything wrong Lord Vivian would roar "Come to heel." After her wild period Daphne married the Marquess of Bath (becoming the Marchioness) and set herself to producing children and moving in the Beaverbrook set. A young grandmother after the war, she divorced Bath to marry writer Xan Fielding. She paints a bright picture of an offbeat existence, bits of it written with a skill worthy of Waugh himself. On one page she drops the pearl that to his friends Sacheverell Sitwell is "Sachie." —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

RADIANT REBEL: Seldom has a woman made such an impression on the world as Margaret Sanger. Even more unusual is for such a woman to enjoy the fruits of her efforts. But since 1925 Mrs. Sanger, the once "radiant rebel," has become an increasingly honored and respected figure. This fact has caused the world to forget that from 1912 to 1925 her life was as exciting as a whodunit. In **"The Margaret Sanger Story,"** by Lawrence Lader (Doubleday, $4), those frenzied early days constitute a large part of the book. Conceiving her burning dedication to birth control as a nurse on New York's squalid East Side, Mrs. Sanger immediately found herself opposed by the forces of Anthony Comstock and other formidable bluenoses. At one point she was forced to slip across the border to Canada, flee passportless to England, where she began a tender friendship with Havelock Ellis. Back in the United States she was immediately arrested, sent to jail, released more formidable than ever. Small, fiery, intense, she ranged the country, finding support not only from intelligent clubwomen, but from the poorer classes, to whom constant childbirth was a major cause of poverty.

Mr. Lader is realistic about his subject, indicating that her state of "nervous exaltation" may have made her a trifle hard to deal with it at times. But the eventual acceptance of birth control coincided neatly with Mrs. Sanger's second marriage, to millionaire J. Noah H. Slee. Though she once wrote "Where is the man to give me what the movement has given me in joy, interest, and freedom?" she seems to have found in J. Noah (as she calls him) a man to balance the nervous exaltation of former years. In addition to capturing the soaring spirit of Margaret Sanger, Mr. Lader also evokes the spirit of the Twenties, when things seemed worth fighting furiously for. Somehow they seem more worthwhile years than the ones we have now. —A. C.

WEEKEND FUN

Tee Time at the Publishers

From the season's shelf of new books on golf Hollis Alpert, a writer-editor who spends his weekends on the links, picks a half-dozen he believes addicts will find instructive or entertaining.

By Hollis Alpert

"OVER the years," says Herbert Warren Wind in his preface to **"The Complete Golfer"** (Simon & Schuster, $5), "a vast body of writing about golf has accumulated which far surpasses any other game's for sheer quantity." In accumulating a collection from this vast body Mr. Wind rummaged as far back as Tobias Smollett. He could have, if he had wished to, included not only short stories, memoirs, diaries, and critical essays, but verse, full-length novels, and three-act plays. Without doubt golf is, again using Mr. Wind's words, "the most ruminative of recreations." Baseball has a considerable literature, too, but its spectators are not likely to be, as they are in golf, participants as well.

Golf writing is usually a solemn, high-toned craft, but even when humor creeps in a message is often there. Take Stephen Potter's famous essay "Golfsmanship" (included in Mr. Wind's collection): "Remember the basic rule," he advocates, "make friends with your caddie and the game will make friends with you." This is more than satire; it is advice. Or take the somewhat similar essay—"Hints to Golfers of Riper Years"—written by Horace G. Hutchinson in 1886. "Try to remember, too, that a person may be a most indifferent golfer and yet be a good Christian gentleman, and in some respects worthy of your esteem." What could be more moral?

Some of the cartoons in the book (there is a fine, generous sampling of them) contain seeds of excellent advice. I winced, but nevertheless liked the one from *Punch* that showed a little girl and her mother watching a golfer trying to get out of a sand trap. "He's stopped beating it, Mummy," the tag runs, "I think it must be dead." However, the book doesn't avoid serious matters. Mr. Wind, a noted writer on golf himself, has selected for readability, but a man interested purely in self-improvement will not lack for advice. There are instructional essays, pretty close to the best to be found, by such masters as Bobby Jones, Sam Snead, Gene Sarazen, Bobby Locke. There is first-rate reportage on famous and historic tournament moments. The names of Al Laney, Bernard Darwin, and Henry Longhurst dominate the latter field. There is a fine section on golf-course architecture by Robert Trent Jones (no relation to great Bobby).

For the golfer, then, there are riches in this book; the non-golfer will find some entertainment, some good writing, and perhaps an understanding of why five million of his fellows in this country devote themselves so fanatically to the pursuit, over hill and dale, of a little white ball. I might mention that the fiction Mr. Wind has chosen, dealing strictly with golf, as it does, is hardly of the highest grade.

A round-up of any season's golf books usually finds at least a half-dozen to hand, and this season is no exception. The vast accumulation of writing grows vaster. In one way or another the books are again instructional in tone, if not downright textbookish. **"Bobby Locke on Golf"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) perhaps has the most general interest. Locke is the thirty-eight-year-old South African who in twenty years has won fifty-eight major championships, the majority of them in the British Commonwealth. Locke, in the book, seems to assume blandly that there is nothing in the world quite so important as playing golf well. If the book were about ping-pong a similar attitude would be nonsensical. But golf can be a way of life (very often is) as well as a game, and it is considered eminently respectable to devote one's whole life and energies to it. Golf is a profession, too, and a golfer of skill soon learns that a sizable piece of change can be picked up from it. Mr. Locke, like many of his confreres, is a businessman as well as a champion.

He is also an authority eminently well worth listening to. He has a valuable and lengthy section on how he hits the wonderful shots he does. His life story, being practically all golf, is a little monotonous as autobiography, but I nevertheless enjoyed some of his occasionally sharp comments. In talking about the Bel-Air Country Club near Los Angeles he says: "When you finish the first half of the course and walk from the ninth green you are in a valley well

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below the club-house, but to save climbing they have built an elevator into the hillside and in that you ride some seventy feet to land almost on the steps of one of the cocktail bars, with time for a quick drink before you start on the second nine. Again, to save energy, they have driven a tunnel through a hill connecting the 5th green and 6th tee." (Golf: Hollywood division.)

AS FAR as writing style goes golf books usually adopt either the dead-pan approach or the breezy tone. I generally suspect when the latter style is adopted that the book is ghost-written, or has been given some "editorial assistance." Jimmy Demaret's **"My Partner, Ben Hogan"** (McGraw-Hill, $2.95) had the editorial assistance of Jimmy Breslin and Harry Grayson, and is so breezily written that it's practically windswept. However, the saga of Hogan, who came back from near-dead to become the greatest golfer of our day, is a stirring one, no matter how it's told or who tells it. Demaret, a former "Master's" champion, is not too modest to tell something of himself and his own method of play. As a sort of turnabout to Locke's comments about American golf courses, he has this to say about Carnoustie, where Hogan won his British Open championship: "The British golf architects allow history to overawe them, in my opinion. Instead of placing bunkers where a bad shot is penalized, as they do in this country, the British let the obstacles remain exactly where the gophers made them centuries ago." Demaret couldn't quite get over sending a drive 280 yards down the middle of the fairway and landing in a big trap. That sort of thing would naturally never be tolerated on an American golf course.

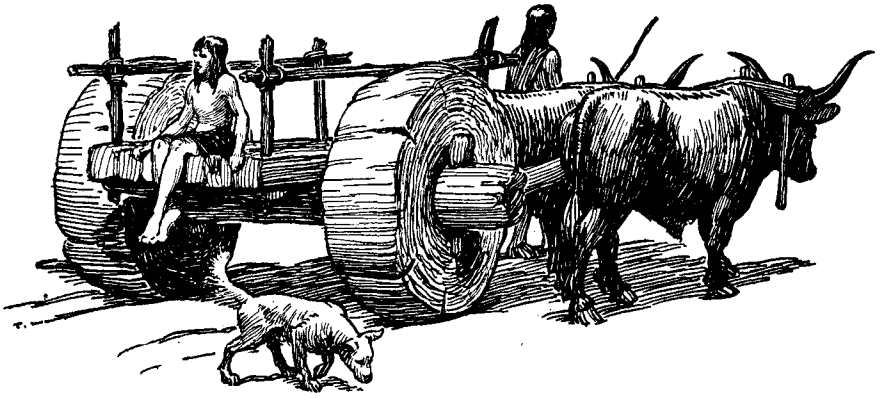
As an antidote, if one is needed, to the talky anecdotal approach of Demaret there is Joe Novak's textbookish **"How to Put Power and Direction in Your Golf"** (Prentice-Hall, $5.95). Novak is the pro at the Bel-Air Country Club, and obviously knows how to talk to some of those movie moguls. "I believe," he says, "that with a definite, orderly pattern the execution of a golf shot can become easy, clear, and simple." However, there are those who believe that in golf, as in the movies, a formula isn't quite enough. Maybe the element of inspiration is needed, too. For instance, I found Step No. 3 in Novak's formula definite and orderly, but not too useful. "We find," he writes "that the pick-up action of the right hand is stopped by the downward thrust of the left hand, and the club can be carried only a short distance from the ball, far enough to form approximately a forty-five-degree angle." Nevertheless, Novak has obviously learned something from some of his pupils. His book comes with a 3-D viewer and 3-D illustrations so that you may see, in perspective, how he hits the ball. Well, let's hope the first 3-D golf book does as well as "Bwana Devil."

Two other recent golf books—**"Play Golf and Enjoy It"** (Greenberg, $2), by Louis De Garmo, and **"Enjoy Your Golf"** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.95), by Leland Gustavson—take the position that golf is fun, a thesis which is debatable. Since the vast majority of golfers in this country aren't going to break a hundred anyway, books of this type fill a definite need. We duffers might as well relax, and be good sports. Mr. Gustavson's book has a helpful section on golfing etiquette, explains the rules, and offers some advice on how to keep the game from being too nerve-wracking. One way, evidently, is to remember always that you're a human being first, and a golfer second. Mr. De Garmo seconds this attitude, too.

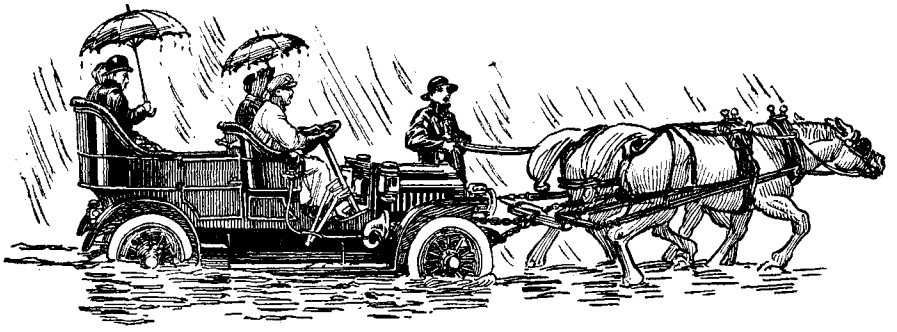
Nobody has asked me, but if some beginner *were* to ask me which of the new books on golf he ought to get hold of I suspect I'd bypass all the tomes by the big pros, and tell him to try Mr. Gustavson's modest little book. Should he wish to dip further into the vast accumulation I'd suggest Herbert Warren Wind's "The Complete Golfer." If those shouldn't help his game the usual advice—"Get yourself a good pro"—is probably the most sensible.

Steam velocipede of 1868 proved useless since firebox was too close to ground.

EDWARD TUNIS is a fellow who believes that man's aspirations are well expressed by man's first great invention, the wheel. So, early next month he is publishing a picture book called simply **"Wheels"** (World, $3.95), a book in which Mr. Tunis seems to have sketched almost every wheeled vehicle which has ever existed, including the first Egyptian sledge on captive rollers, the first solid wheels with rotating axles (and with fixed axles, below), and right on up through history with Chinese wheelbarrows, self-moving wagons, and, finally, the American jeep.



Solid wheels on fixed axles were early high point in wheel's development. The new axles enabled wheels on opposite sides of cart to turn corners at different speeds.



Spoke-wheeled Maxwell touring car of 1908 cost $1,750 new. It had three speeds forward, but to get from high to low or back again one had to shift through second.

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A Plea to Teachers

SWEET teachers of grammar and high schools, you have with the best and highest intentions released a monster. I am sure that you know not what you do, but I am equally sure that I speak for many writers in begging you to lay off.

When I was in school I dreaded term papers. Now I dread them even more. The whole thing began a number of years ago and slowly grew lathered with an irresistible flattery.

"Dear sir": (the first letters started) "Our class is studying novels and I have picked you. I can't find anything about you so our teacher said I should write you. Please tell me how old you are and where you were born."

There was something kind of winning about it. I was pleased that someone was interested in how old I was and where I was born. I answered that letter and then another and another. Apparently the idea occurred to lots of teachers. More and more letters arrived until it became necessary to make a form letter saying where I was born and how I was married and had two children and liked my eggs straight up.

This went on for some time and then an ominous change crept in. The letters began to be like this: "I am writing a paper about you. Write and tell me what is your philosophy of life. How did you get started writing? What do you mean in your book 'The Eagle's Nest'? Write me at once or my term paper will be late."

As the peremptory tone entered the number of letters increased. "My teacher told me to write for the story of your life, so sit down and send it and please hurry."

A little anger began to seep into the letters from my pen pals. I was obviously the cause of their having to write a term paper and the hell with me. Also the number of letters increased—ten-twenty-thirty letters a week. The attitude became—"O.K., Max, so you write a lousy book and I get saddled with a term paper. It's your fault so you write the paper."

And as the numbers grew the demands grew. Now they wanted essays, short stories, biography—originals—not old stuff. I was rapidly becoming responsible for their grades. "I need 100 points and if you don't answer I won't get them."

More and more teachers took up this charming game and they could always find me through the publishers. To have answered one-tenth of the letters would have taken every waking hour.

Now, apparently, the competition is getting rough, because a new tone has entered. The letters begin with outrageous flattery which even I can't believe and they end—"My teacher says if you don't answer I won't pass."

THAT tears it. I had a hard enough time getting through school myself and I'll be damned if I'm going to go in for coaching now. And I'm not alone. A whole slew of writers are getting these letters.

The trouble is that you want to answer. Every earnest letter writer thinks he is the only one who has ever done it. And if the student dislikes you for making him write a term paper, the dislike turns to hatred if you don't answer or answer inadequately. One correspondent, an old hand, ended his recent hustle thus: "And I don't want none of them form letters. I want the real stuff."

Dear Teachers—Sweet Teachers, I beg you to call them off. Every month the letters and the demands increase. You may be promoting animosities in your little charges that will last the rest of their lives. You are giving me a jumpiness that makes me go out of my way to bypass a school building. And you are making me seriously consider shooting the postman. Please keep the letter paper out of their dear little hands.

—John Steinbeck.

Albert Einstein

ONE of the greatest men who has ever lived is dead. I never knew Albert Einstein terribly well, but whenever I saw him I knew that I was in the presence of a man who towered above most of us both mentally and morally. Indeed, hearing him talk at the conference table or in the quiet of his library or as he strolled across the grounds of the Institute of Advanced Study taught me something about true greatness and about what it can mean to be at peace with the world and with one's conscience.

Albert Einstein's monumental contributions to our understanding of the universe are so well known and appreciated that little more than mention of them need be made here. His death cuts short his further contributions to our knowledge, but the existing work will be revered for as long as men and books exist.

Albert Einstein loved the public but disliked public relations. He believed that a person's beliefs should be spoken unashamedly and that his actions should be dictated solely by his conscience. "Never do anything against conscience," he once stated, "even if the state demands it." Although he was a pacifist he believed that one must resort to violence whenever militant fascism arises, and this permitted him in clear conscience to sign the now-famous letter to the late President Roosevelt which led to the beginning of the atomic-bomb project. But he was opposed to the use of the bomb against Japan, and during the ten years of the Atomic Age in which he lived he devoted a large part of his time to work for peace.

As a result of these efforts he was sometimes accused of being a "naive old man" who was "an unwitting tool of Communist-front organizations." But those of clear vision saw what history will show—that his outspoken and honest ideas arose from deep thought and a genuine concern for his fellow human beings.

A genius is a rare thing. Albert Einstein was even rarer for he was a genius who possesed a heart and soul.

—Harrison Brown.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE H-BOMB

I WAS INTERESTED to read Bertrand Russell's article on the hydrogen bomb and its destructive effects, "Man's Duel with the Hydrogen Bomb" [*SR* Apr. 2] and his plea to humanity to abolish war for humanity's own good. We have had a spate of articles on the horrors of war and the horrors of the hydrogen bomb. And in all these the authors have declared, or implied, that human behavior must in some way be controlled. Why not, then, if you would do something constructive, find out if human behavior is controllable, and, if so, how?

May I refer you to Dr. Burrhus F. Skinner, professor of psychology at Harvard University, who, I believe, has done the finest work toward making psychology a science, *i. e.*, has shown human behavior to be liable to prediction and control.

And, if you are not familiar with them, may I refer you to his published books: "The Behavior of Organisms (1938)," "Walden Two" (a novel, 1948), and "Science and Human Behavior" (1953).

ROBERT E. WRIGHT.

Collingswood, N. J.

RECOMMENDED READING

THANK YOU for publishing Bertrand Russell's thought-provoking article "Man's Duel with the Hydrogen Bomb." I recommend it as "must" reading for all voters, statesmen, and politicians, and in particular for Senators Knowland and McCarthy, and for Fulton Lewis, Jr.

ETNA M. KELLEY.

New York, N.Y.

CLEARSIGHTED AND COMPASSIONATE

THANK YOU for Bertrand Russell's clear-sighted and compassionate "Man's Duel with the Hydrogen Bomb." It takes greatness to dare speak out on a matter transcending all past experience and prejudice. His words should lift the fog of ideology and nationalism in which our public men, as well as private citizens, seem to be groping, while time runs out. He has given us in exchange for super-annuated dogmatism a wider viewpoint, the love of all humanity.

MARGUERITE STEVENS FOSTER.

New York, N.Y.

GENETIC OBSERVATIONS

I DON'T FEEL FORCED to comment on Adams's little squib on "The Juke Myth" [*SR* Apr. 2], but I'll do so anyway. The reason that I'm writing this is to point out that Adams is as much of a fish out of water as Dugdale—at least in the only part of this that I know anything about, genetics.

The reason for this letter is the remarkable statement in Adams's article that the blindness in the Juke family could not have been hereditary because Max didn't go blind until after the children had been born. No students of heredity would be astonished by this. Far from it. Studies are continually being published on the transmission of many diseases of old age, such as cancer. Adams might be astonished to hear that a goodly proportion of all cancers seem to be passed on by parents to offspring even though the parents do not become cancerous until long after the offspring have been born, and in many cases parents transmit the tendency for a particular type of cancer without ever showing that cancer themselves. Many other ailments of old age are inherited in a similar manner.

HERMAN M. SLATIS.

Montreal, Canada.

"Look, this month *I'll* worry about world federalism and *you* worry about our budget."

ST. PAUL

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Juke Myth" Samuel Hopkins Adams says this: "The same (being 'indolent' and 'licentious in youth') might be said of some eminent non-Jukes, including Robert Burns and the Apostle Paul." So far as St. Paul is concerned there is, of course, no evidence whatever pointing in this direction and a great deal pointing in the opposite direction. Move over, Dugdale.

C. STANLEY LOWELL.

Virginia Beach, Va.

POPULAR OPINION

SOME YEARS after the close of the First World War I read an appreciation of a well-known scholar who had recently died. I have forgotten most of the particulars, but I have always remembered one rather striking sentence: "Dr. X had courage of a kind not common among men of his calling—courage, that is to say, to take the popular side." This remark came back upon reading Telford Taylor's review of "A Train of Powder," by Rebecca West [*SR* Mar. 19]. I must confess that I have never been zealous to burn incense at Miss West's shrine, but I feel that I must now revise my opinion. To find a top-notch intellectual willing to stand up and affirm that the men condemned in the Nuremberg trials got just what they deserved is so refreshing that it seems a matter of sportsmanship, if nothing more, to put my reaction on record.

HAROLD S. DAVIS.

Boston, Mass.

OVERPOPULATION IN THE WORLD

I WAS PLEASED to find, in your pages, a reaffirmation of a problem which has concerned me deeply in the last few years. I am very grateful for your printing of Sir John Russell's article "The Politics of Bread" [*SR* Mar. 26], and I hope that his findings have an impact upon those who read it. There seems to be a general inattention and a dearth of literature on what would seem to be a major problem in the world today—overpopulation. However, more attention will be drawn to it as it becomes increasingly unwieldy.

JACK A. RIGGS.

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

CRITICS ON A TIN ROOF

THE AWARD for the Best Play of the Season by the twenty-two members of the New York Drama Critics Circle is a valuable practice. It serves as a means of reassuring the winning playwright that the superlatives heaped on his play opening night were more than hasty homage to a first impression. And, surprisingly enough, writers of greatest reputation seem to require such reassurance most. The higher the roost, the shakier the perch. Then, too, the award helps the winning show extend its run by several months, giving extra employment to all concerned. But, because these and all other consequences of his actions must be disregarded if the reviewer is to remain honest and impartial, perhaps the most important function the award-giving has is the better understanding of each critic's standards by himself and his public.

This year nine critics (Atkinson, Brown, Dash, Freedley, Gibbs, Keating, Sheaffer, Watts, and Wenning) found "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" the best play of the season. Eight others (Barron, Colby, Cooke, Gaver, Hawkins, Kerr, Kronenberger, and McClain) selected "Bus Stop." Three (Bolton, Chapman, and Shipley) picked "The Desperate Hours." Robert Coleman voted for "The Rainmaker" and this writer chose "The Bad Seed." George Jean Nathan registered a protest against a subnormal season by refusing to vote.

Does this division of opinion mean that at least half of the critics are wrong? Absolutely not. Perhaps fifty years from now one of these plays will seem a masterpiece and the others trash. But for the moment each critic has merely applied his own working criteria. They are inescapably nearsighted criteria, for critics work day-in, day-out with relatively little time for reflection.

Actually, when one says that "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" is the best play of the season one only means the best with "qualifications." While my own recent review registered certain dissatisfactions with the play, I would certainly admit that it contained the most original, forceful, and recklessly honest writing by an American playwright this season. And then, too, Tennessee Williams has since the opening revised his third act to eliminate the drawn-out dirty joke which Big Daddy tells to assert a Rabelaisian immoral victory over impending death. In the new version Big Daddy returns to talk not of a pleasant aroma of fertility raising a ruckus in the elephant cage, but rather of the obnoxious odor of mendacity in his own house. This (and a poetic final speech reinstated from an intermediate version) is an improvement, for whatever the playwright's original intention the theatregoers are primarily interested in this mendacity theme. A letter just received from Oscar Hammerstein II states the case. He says, "It is the discussion of mendacity between father and son which stays with me now and towers over the rest of the play. Too many plays cannot be written to show up the 'mendacities' by which we live. The big mendacities must be slain. The smaller mendacities—I should like to have them remain with us for a little. Let them remain like springs on an automobile to relieve the shock of the trip. Also before we shed *all* mendacities let us make sure that we find out what the truth is."

Certainly Mr. Williams can be proud of having faced such a vital subject, and the Critics' Award should encourage him to continue to follow his own genius whether it leads to Broadway acceptance or not.

The near-victory of "Bus Stop" may be due to the fact that the more ordinary themes of that play were more neatly dealt with and that the total effect of the production was warmer, more natural, and more gently moving. "The Desperate Hours" had similar virtues plus a strong suspenseful construction but minus William Inge's great gift for characterization. "The Rainmaker" was big-hearted, and it is understandable that it might charm its admirers into a subjective ecstasy powerful enough to cause them to overlook its many shortcomings.

"The Bad Seed," which was this reviewer's personal choice, doesn't have very much warmth, naturalness, or direct force. It is at best a skilful patching together by a master playwright of a novel written by a man on the verge of insanity. Many who see it regard it in the category of a thriller. Yet there is no play this season which assumes so strong an attitude towards its material, no play which so firmly pinpoints our society and times, and no play which leaves the theatregoer with so much to consider in himself. Like "Camino Real," it is the best of the season, but only if these are the things that matter most to you. —HENRY HEWES.

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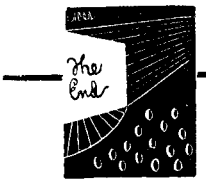


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

GHOSTS IN THE REEL

THE talking picture is a haunted medium of entertainment. There are ghosts in it everywhere—ghost-talkers, ghost-singers, ghost-musicians, and the whole roster of spectral talent. Adding disembodied sound to the shadow movements of the actors is called "dubbing," and its use goes far beyond the mere mechanical conversion of a film from one language to another. It has become a force in the basic dynamics of movies, like the unseen wind in a billowing sail.

Ghosting is going on everywhere. The juvenile lead in a music story can pound away at the piano with his closed fists if he wants to, because someone like José Iturbi will be supplying the virtuosity on the soundtrack. In Italy actresses are chosen on the theory that the silhouette is all-important. You can always hire someone to speak the lines (it is rumored that even Magnani and Lollobrigida have ghost-voices, at times, in their own language).

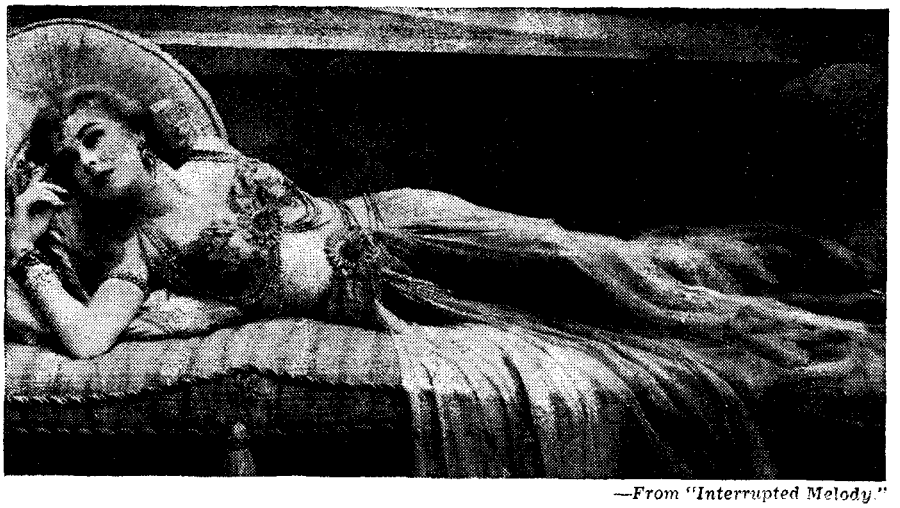
This thing is spreading all over the place, from the movies to television. One Midwestern TV star is known as a "syncher" of songs. She is a pretty girl who appears on the screen and pretends to sing numbers played on records by a disc jockey. She does not sing songs, she just moves her lips and "synchs" them.

The most famous synching job to date was that of Larry Parks standing in for Al Jolson's voice in those biographical movies. The first was "The Jolson Story"; and in the second, "Jolson Sings Again," there was an ingrown triple-ghosting job to top all others. Here's how it went: Larry Parks as elderly Al Jolson was watching Larry Parks playing *young* Al Jolson in the *first* movie—in other words, Parks ghosting for Parks. At the same time, Jolson himself was ghosting the voices for both of them.

There's nothing so complicated in the latest synching extravaganza, M-G-M's **"Interrupted Melody,"** but this new CinemaScope biography of Marjorie Lawrence ought to rank with the best of them on the spectral honors list. In it, Eleanor Parker plays the Australian farm lass who became an international opera star. In the music scenes Miss Parker is turned from a quail into a lark by the lovely voice of Eileen Farrell vibrating from the stereophonic sound speakers while the star moves her lips.

Miss Parker, who is very clever at the techniques of acting, has become letter-perfect in singers' mannerisms and traditional opera gestures. She drapes her golden hair over Tristan in the finale of "Tristan and Isolde"; she magnetizes Samson in "Samson and Delilah," and she befuddles Don José in "Carmen," while the rich, full notes seem to pour from her half-parted lips. With Miss Farrell ghosting the job, this is a splendid illusion.

The melody is interrupted, as it was in Miss Lawrence's life, by an attack of polio which left her physically helpless and spiritually broken. This script has more honesty, and much more backbone, than most movie biographies of celebrated persons. Her success story and her career-clashes with her husband (an



—*From "Interrupted Melody."*

Eleanor Parker ". . . is turned from a quail into a lark."

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American doctor played by Glenn Ford) are standard musical material. But her struggle with the after-effects of polio is not. The picture is frank to admit that she felt herself truly beaten at one point, and that she teetered on the edge of suicide. Her colors are flying at the end, as Miss Lawrence's are today. At their lowest point, though, they were really drooping in dismal fashion, not just sagging slightly in a few neat folds of trouble.

Miss Parker has the quivering concentration just right for a role like this—fiercely happy and fiercely unhappy. In addition, Miss Farrell's ghost-voice floods the screen with the music of Verdi, Bizet, Puccini, Saint-Saens, Wagner—and E. Y. Harburg. It's all done with mirrors, figuratively speaking, but it's a good trick when it works as well as it does here.

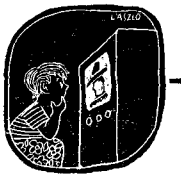
* * *

The movies are always looking for a chance to celebrate events as well as people, and there is no event quite as thought-provoking as a war. The French reminisce about their own deeds in **"Heartbreak Ridge,"** a Government-sponsored film about a French battalion attached to the Second American Division in Korea. It uses real soldiers as actors and real settings filmed in Korea, in color photography whose bright images are much sharper and clearer than any of the action.

Like many official war movies, "Heartbreak Ridge" speaks in the shout of history and the whisper of propaganda. Its aim is to honor the French dead and glorify the French living without excessive boastfulness and without injuring the pride of an ally (the script speaks most courteously of the American fighting man's prowess). The film seeks to admire men in war without admiring war itself; to introduce words like *esprit de corps* and *patrie* as modestly as possible.

Sad to say the French—who love to roll paradoxes about and watch their googly movement—do not cope with them here any better than the next man. For all its documentary flavor and real battle footage, this movie is a cluster of conventions like the young lieutenant who must prove himself to his battle-scarred men; the wise-cracking soldiers, rowdy on leave and invincible on patrol; the soul-baring in words of courage and deeds of sacrifice. The battle, when it comes, is as confusing as a battle seems to the individual soldier. It is clear, however, that the French troops in Korea died bravely, and helped to win, and deserve a profounder tribute than this one.

—Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.



TV AND RADIO

CRITIC, SPARE THAT MOLAR!

ONE night last week an ex-dentist friend of mine—or rather a dentist who is now an ex-friend of mine—ventured this proposition: "I'll bet anything that George Gobel fellow could just come out and say just any old thing and be just as funny."

Since he didn't stipulate how much, and since Mr. Gobel—who obviously was not born yesterday—could never be enticed into proving it even if we let him hold the stakes, I simply agreed it might make an interesting half-hour. And the last words I shall probably ever speak to that dentist were to the effect that it would be just as funny as his pulling just any old molar by looking at just any old X-ray.

At any rate, such an opinion from a lay critic is about par for the course. But when a professional critic, in reviewing the recent Academy Awards telecast, wrote that some of Bob Hope's gags that night were the vapid product of a staff of assembly-line jokesmiths, but others were fresh and appealing, I got the nasty feeling of an implication that the vapid jokes were those which were written for Mr. Hope, but the fresh and appealing jokes just popped into Mr. Hope's busy head and popped right out through his mouth as brilliant and precious ad libs.

Mr. Hope was in rare form that night in both delivery and in timing. Also in rare form were the score or more jokes which had been delivered to Mr. Hope in time for that night's event by three gentlemen of some stature in the business of turning out jokes—Mel Shavelson, Richard Breen, and Jack Rose. As for their being on a staff of assembly-line jokesmiths, it's a matter of simple fact that all workers in television are on an assembly line. Because of its rapacity this medium, which has to be fed up to eighteen hours a day of diversified, highly-seasoned material on three networks, engages directors, producers, actors, writers, choreographers, scenic designers, costumers, technicians, all of whom are frantically deployed in the Chaplin bit at the assembly line week in and week out.

Off that assembly line comes an endless stream of products—half-hour plays, hour plays, situation-comedy shows, variety shows, weather reports, song-and-dance shows, sports events, animated commercials, commercials without any animation, discussion panels, newscast shows, glittering colorful spectacles, soap and Metropolitan operas, giveaways, gimmick shows, early morning shows, late night shows, religious shows, special on-the-spot events, sports shows, and the Igor Cassini show.

AND when the day's final streak of pancake has been dabbed away and the last blue shirt hung in its dressing room the belt of the assembly line continues its relentless ride. Scenery is being hung, cameras retooled, costumes repaired, props dug up, scripts ground out—another day begins in just a few hours.

And being entirely dependent on what comes off the assembly line, and allowing for the fallibility of the human equation, television is by its very nature a hit-and-miss affair. But the wonder of the medium is not so much that shows come off fairly well or not too poorly or once every so often amazingly well. The real wonder is that they come off at all. As one star put it: "We ought to get an award just for showing up each week."

And speaking of awards brings me back to my original subject, the telecast of the Academy Awards. Whether Mr. Hope's jokes came off an assembly line or not isn't nearly as important as one fine thing which happened on the Awards program that night but which the critics did not mention at all because it was, unfortunately, omitted from the New York program when the hour was up. But the newspapers next day carried the account of the presentation of a special Oscar to Greta Garbo, who did not make a picture at all during 1954.

Now if someone could only convince Terry Moore. —Goodman Ace.

Solution of last week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1100)

H. Basso:
(THE) VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD

There was always the feeling that everybody you met in New York was just passing through, or else was on an extended visit, so that there were times when you had the impression that it was not so much a city as a big, endless game of musical chairs.

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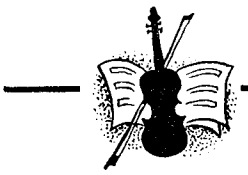

MUSIC TO MY EARS

RETURN OF GIGLI, DEBUT OF LARROCHA

THIRTY-FIVE years and five months after he made his debut at the Metropolitan in November 1920 Beniamino Gigli returned to sing what was described as the first of three "farewell" recitals in Carnegie Hall. No doubt the audience that greeted him with waves and waves of applause mingled with shouts, bravos, and a few favorable comparisons with the long-departed Caruso was motivated in large part by sentiment; but there were more than a few moments later on when the lavish response was justified, whether the singer was sixty-five (at the least) or not.

The warmth of the applause, it may be noted, had a beneficent physical effect on the veteran tenor as well as a tonic spiritual one. When he first appeared it was in a slow waddle (he has acquired a paunch appropriate to his senior status among tenors of the world), and when he took his place to sing the right arm rested heavily on the piano for support. In the earlier selections he sang much of the time with head bent down, straightening up only to fire a direct hit of tone at the audience in a climax.

So it was in the opening "Io conosco un giardino" of Pietri, a "first group" shorter than the applause which had greeted his appearance. It worked up, nevertheless, to a B flat, flung out into the auditorium just to show the audience that he still had it. In the succeeding "Vergin tutt'amor" of Durante, the Brahms "Wiegenlied" (surprisingly clear German), and Schubert's "Mille cherubini," with its endearing lullaby, each song served a vocal purpose, exemplified a phase of the singer's virtuosity, while exercising the equipment in a calculated way.

In all of these there was—with a dimming of luster appropriate to the years—a sweetness of sound inimitably Gigli, a curve of line sometimes labored and never really effortless, but quite individual. In such matters as phraseology and breath-control it was enormously instructive.

Under the warming sun of applause, Gigli undertook, as encore, "O Paradiso," then went on to the scheduled arias from "Manon" ("La Reve") and "Roi d'Ys" (the Aubade), in a rising succession to "M'Appari" ("Marta," another encore) and "Rachel, quand du Signeur" ("La Juive"). Each, of course, had its ear-tickling elements of sustained tones, an explosive forte or two, and, in the Lalo ("Roi d'Ys") an enchanting octave jump from A to A, non-falsetto, repeated with an additional ping to the top A, in case it had been missed the first time.

Gigli—"the warming sun of applause."

By this time the audience was, in fact, just an extension of Gigli, and he responded with a performance of "La Donne e Mobile" that was artful, spirited, and—remarkable to say—humorous. Now he stepped away from support of the piano, faced the audience with head high, and marked off the measures with a spirit and brio any young man of today might envy. It had its dubious curlycues and its debatable liberties—assuming that one wants to argue text in such an aria—but it ranged up to a B natural that shivered with the pure, reedy Gigli timbre of old.

This was, of course, never a singer with a disposition to conformity, and much of what he did was unmistakably individualistic, also, if you want, egotistic. But almost everything he undertook came off, and there was, in this phrase or that, one effect or another, the echoes of the artistry of such legendary figures as McCormack and Tauber. He was doing what he loved and he loved what he was doing. The audience could hardly react other than it did. The efficient accompanist was identified as Dino Fedri.

* * *

New pianists of the quality of Alicia de Larrocha, who made her New York debut in Town Hall recently, are sufficiently uncommon to be welcome at any time, April or November. As might have been anticipated from a recording or two associated with her name, Miss de Larrocha played the music of such composers of her native Spain as Granados, Albeniz, and Surinach with crisp rhythm, stylistic assurance, and the kind of flexibility in melodic statement that is hard for an outsider to simulate.

What was gratifying about her total performance, however, was the evidence it offered of a pronounced sensitivity to other matters, especially in Schumann's "Carnaval." This did not conform to traditional expectations in every detail: indeed, the points at which it accorded with a version, say, of Serkin or Arrau would have not been too many. But its deviations were always related to a firm musical esthetic, its points of stress and climax determined by an artistic awareness of a very conscious sort.

Miss de Larrocha does not have the kind of technical equipment in which the management of difficulties can be taken for granted; in consequence, there were, repeatedly, blurred details in passage work, a false note in a chordal cluster. But the conviction that Miss de Larrocha has a considerable artistic personality was enforced by her beautiful phrasing in such sections of "Carnaval" as "Papillons," "Reconnaissance," and the effectively molded "Valse allemande."

* * *

The illusion that time could, just possibly, stand still—under certain conditions—was teasingly suggested in the notably successful opening of Ballet Theatre's fifteenth-anniversary season in the Metropolitan Opera House. Here were Antony Tudor, Alicia Markova, Nora Kaye, Hugh Laing, Alicia Alonso, and a lot of other people who had taken part in the very first performance of the company a decade and a half, a war and a half, ago. However less spry one or another might look, there was no question that each, without exception, was a greater artist than before.

To be sure, the eye that was gauging them is also fifteen years older, and no less susceptible to the aging process. But there seemed little doubt, from the applause that greeted Miss Markova's cunningly secure performances in "Les Sylphides," or the deeply emotional interaction of Tudor, Laing, and Kaye in the still-magnificent "Pillar of Fire," or the "Black Swan" pyrotechnics of Alonso and Youskevitch, that an objective judgment was being ungrudgingly rendered.

As well as showing a spectacularly fine group of principals—possible, of course, only under the special, "gala" conditions of this anniversary season

(*Continued on page* 51)

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

and Gina, of Bruna and Annabelle," the reader is more than ready to agree with him. When the day of reckoning finally arrives it is long overdue.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

AN ARTIST'S TRIALS: The life of Paul Gauguin is an interesting mystery that stumps the moralists. From the time that he quit his job in a Paris bank he declined as a man but rose as an artist. Unhappily, Charles Gorham's pedestrian novel **"The Gold of Their Bodies"** (Dial, $3.50) neither penetrates nor exalts this mystery. Yet, by a mere cataloguing of Gauguin's roguish behavior, the book does create the feeling of a powerful personality at war with the world (and with itself) and resolving its conflict in painting. Consider the bravado with which Gauguin chucked up his job in the business world and, once he was broke, refused to yield to his cold Danish wife's imprecations to support the family. His lack of understanding for Van Gogh contributed, Gauguin knew, to the wretchedness and eventual suicide of that strange genius. He went to Panama, then to Martinique, scandalized society by crossing the color line, and then returned to France, where he was acknowledged by those whom he respected (Degas, Mallarmé, and others) as a great painter. Then he went to Tahiti, lived with the native women, and fought the corrupt authorities.

Back in France he was compelled to attract attention by wearing bizarre clothes, by taking a vile Negro mistress to whom he gave a monkey on a leash. When he returned to Tahiti he was an old man with a limp and he was a victim of syphilis. All this and more Mr. Gorham manages to describe in his novel. But these are the obvious sensational events of a stormy and often depraved existence.

Unfortunately, under these circumstances, the book lacks even the superficial excitement of a Sunday supplement story and the novel becomes one without luster or passion.

—ROBERT MINTON.

CAMP STORY: Calder Willingham's first novel, "End As a Man," was a harsh, relentless, and yet brilliant study of

—By the author, for "The Gold of Their Bodies."

". . . stormy and often demented existence."

a military school, written in a terse style which exactly suited a way of life that was vicious and cynical. Eight years and five novels later Mr. Willingham reveals again his talent for dialogue and narration in the story of the final weeks in a ramshackle boys' camp in the South. But in almost every other way **"To Eat a Peach"** (Dial, $3) is the very opposite of "End As a Man": it is humorous, kindly, at times too verbose, and if Mr. Willingham despised the military academy, it is also apparent that he has a deep affection for this particular summer camp. It had been an unusually trying summer at Camp Walden, and even the orations of Daddy Tom, the loquacious old director, could not bring "the Walden Spirit" to life. Neither could Jimmy McClain, who was hoping to earn enough money at Walden to get an education. Jimmy was a philosophic young man, and aside from keeping the boys out of trouble, he served as the editor of *Walden Ways,* a sheet devoted to the camp's activities. When he spoke after supper to the wretched boys he had to drag in "the Walden Spirit," and it made him sweat because they never acted as if it meant anything to them. He also had other troubles, for during this particular wartime summer Camp Walden was forced to accept a woman as its riding instructor. Toward the end of the summer Jimmy discovered that he could no longer ignore Madeleine. So he visited her and, of course, Nature had its way. The lovers parted forever the next morning in confusion and tears. "To Eat a Peach" is one of the oddest love stories of recent times. But it is a gay and amusing book, faintly satirical, and always entertaining if the reader can stand all of Daddy Tom's long-winded orations.

— HARRISON SMITH.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 15, 6, 8, 19, 18, 17, 13, 20, 14, 2, 9, 12, 5, 4, 7, 1, 3, 16, 11.

The World

Continued from page 14

Division, was asked to make a study of the problem from a biologist's point of view. This book gives a picture of his gropings, of his attempts to define terms, of his search for an understanding of man in relation to his environment. Mr. Bates demonstrates both scientific awareness and depth of understanding, and his writing possesses a delightful humorous touch which lightens the reader's burden as he moves from one complex area of human existence to another.

THE author first discusses what we know and don't know about the past growth of human population, the nature of the creature which emerged a million years or so ago from the earlier manlike apes, and the diversity in human types which have been produced by forces such as migration and isolation. He then discusses the means of human subsistence and the shift from food-gathering to agricultural society. This is followed by short chapters on human reproduction (and its control), death, war, famine, disease (and its control), migration, eugenics, and the scientific study of populations.

It seems to me that one of the major values of this book lies in the clarity with which the author shows that the growth of human populations can best be understood in cultural terms. Of course, "there are always the underlying biological facts of reproduction and death; but this biology, this animal nature of the human species, is shaped and modified by cultural forces in all sorts of ways."

Concerning solutions to the "population problem" Mr. Bates is vague for the reason that like the rest of us who have worried about the problem he recognizes that there is no simple answer. There must, of course, be adjustment between births and deaths. But how can this adjustment be brought into existence? How can we avoid the other dangers which are linked to the phenomenon of growing population? Mr. Bates stresses "I have no blueprint for escape." He then continues: "I revert, I suppose, to the sort of faith that gave Rousseau and Condorcet their confidence in the perfectibility of man [but] I suppose I would express the argument not so much in terms of the perfectibility of man as in terms of the improvability of culture." Sometime I would like to see Mr. Bates carry this line of thought somewhat further.

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An Editor's Diagnosis

Continued from page 11

lived on the Potomac longer than statesmen who had reached the chairmanships of committees by the seniority rule. Certainly the growth of foreign-news coverage by the American press is one of the wonderful things that has happened in our times. No people ever had less reason to be parochial than the American people now. The truth of the matter is that, when the Pacific Ocean has, according to the Associated Press's foreign-affairs expert, become an American lake, foreign news is local news. It is as close as every boy's draft-board.

AFGHANISTANISM is still possible, nevertheless. And that word—coined to cover editorial preoccupation with the distant matter while local affairs are disregarded—is not a new phenomenon. When I was the youngest reporter on my first job the oldest editor had the ancient nickname of "Aguinaldo" Haywood. He won it just after the Spanish-American War. At that time there was a minor Tweed regime down at the county courthouse, but Aguinaldo had little to say on the local grafting. However, he was highly indignant at the Filipino guerrilla who was militantly reluctant to accept America's assumption of the white man's burden in his islands. Mr. Haywood gave Aguinaldo hell! It is a pattern which persists. Sometimes, however, I am not sure that it is a greater danger than one which might attend the reporting of a brawl in a *Bierstube* in Vienna between an American and a Russian over a Tyrolean tart. We know very well that *Pravda* would report it as an unprovoked assault by an emissary of capitalism upon one of the people's defenders. I hope the incident would not appear in our press as evidence of Bolshevik brutality on a free, clean-cut, 100 per cent American boy. Despite all the electronic devices for news distribution, I am not entirely sure.

Afghanistanism does not have to be foreign. It can take the form of an elevated attitude toward local affairs. Such loftiness serves the dignity of the press and is often the mark of the docility of the press as well. That docility needs to be well understood. It has nothing to do with the ancient charge that newspapers let advertisers dictate to them. Such an effort by an advertiser today would generally be regarded by the least sensitive publisher not so much improper as impertinent. Large business interests do not dictate to publishers now. Publishers *are* large business interests. Nothing has so much gained in meaning in our time as the venerable statement that more people are bribed by their own money than anybody else's. So there is a docility that is growing with the dignity of the American press today, and it increases with the increasing bulkiness and wealth of that press.

The strangest docility of the dignified press is seen in relation to "Freedom of the Press." The press is always stoutly maintaining in print and in speeches its right to access to news. In practice, the press seems almost to have collaborated in important matters in preserving barriers between the news and the reader. Undoubtedly it is flattering to the dignity of the press to have the greatest officials speak "off-the-record" to assembled editors in Washington. Editors who respect officials, however, must realize that no official worthy of respect is going to say anything to a thousand assembled people, though editors, which for security reasons must be kept secret. As recently as last year one of those "unnamed high officials," who turned out to be Vice President Nixon, used one of the "off-the-record" sessions to launch something in the nature of a closed-circuit experiment in trial balloons about war in Indochina. And the American press used his name only after a British newspaper had declined to let such a pronouncement by such an official be cloaked with dignified and docile American press reticence.

Excellent work has been done by able men like Russell Wiggins, managing editor of *The Washington Post* and chairman of the ASNE's committee on Freedom of Information, and many other newsmen. Other individuals in Washington and all over the country have fought the spreading use of "security" to cover not only military secrets but embarrassing situations. For a long time I saved a wartime message from General Eisenhower to General Marshall. It was marked "Eyes Only," which is a full echelon above "Top Secret." I kept it because my copy, though the message was only for the eyes of the Chief of Staff, was marked Copy No. 36. But if even more eyes had seen it the Germans would not have been greatly helped. Eisenhower was complaining about the number of VIPs who were arriving in the European Theatre.

THE American press cannot safely become a VIP sharing the company, hearing the confidences, participating in the secrets of other and sometimes even more important people. It cannot arrange "off-the-record" sessions and condemn them at the same time. It needs to learn that if it wants to be petted there are plenty of officials and soldiers who will pet it. A few years ago it got to a point at which an editor could hardly keep his professional standing unless he had been transported at least once at public expense to Europe, Asia, or practically anywhere, to be shown what public officials wanted to show him. Indeed, the junkets of newspaper

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ROUGH WINDS DO SHAKE . . . : These latest figures of the American Newspaper Publishers Association show that since 1951, despite the rise of seventy-five new newspapers, the total number of U. S. Dailies has declined by eighteen. Actually the situation is worse than even these figures show, because none of the new newspapers is a major one (although they do testify to the fact that people aren't giving up), whereas among those dropping out in one way or another have been such large or notable papers as *The St. Louis Star-Times* in 1951, *The Salt Lake City Telegram* in 1952, *The Los Angeles Daily News* and *The Washington Times-Herald* in 1954, and—just this year—one of the most famous of the lot, *The Brooklyn Eagle*. Here are the total figures year by year:

Year	Number of dailies lost by suspending publication	Number of dailies lost by merger with other papers	Number of dailies lost by becoming weeklies or semiweeklies	Total loss of dailies	Number of new dailies
1951	10	3	8	21	16
1952	11	5	8	24	30
1953	6	6	10	22	17
1954	14	2	10	26	12
	41	16	36	93	75

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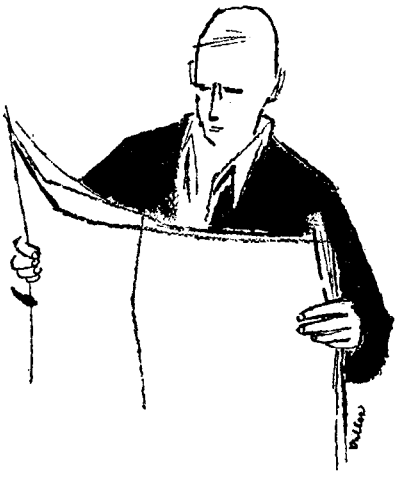
editors approximated those of Congressmen. Some newspapermen seemed to feel that they had to approach the pace of Eleanor Roosevelt or John Foster Dulles. Some of my colleagues back from jet propulsion across Europe—from briefing sessions to bars and from bars to briefing sessions—had a new sense of their dignity as chosen participants in world affairs and a new docility toward those who gave them the trip.

I doubt that the American press or the press of any other country should ever grow dignified. (I know that it cannot fulfil its function and ever be docile.) It is not a trade designed for dignity. There is, of course, something basically disreputable about any business devoted to prying into matters. It is a nosey business. And it should remain so. Anybody who would never wish to hurt anybody's feelings, who never wishes to make anybody mad, should stay out of the newspaper business. The newspaperman who deserves the respect of his community can be no respecter of persons in his community. He is at his best today as in the past when Burns described one as "a chield among you takin' notes, and faith he'll prent it."

WHAT worries me is that this American press, which is confident that it is the best press with the greatest know-how in the world today, seems to me inadequate to the needs of the democracy of which it is a part. Indeed, sometimes it seems to become very self-consciously less democratically related to the desires and directions of the people as it grows stronger and more proud. Maybe the press cannot be blamed alone—but the press had a part in the now established fact that after Joe McCarthy trumpeted false figures about Communists in the State Department it was five years before it was made clear that McCarthy's campaign had not uncovered one. And that was not disclosed by the press but by a politician from South Carolina.

I am increasingly inclined to believe that the best hope for the fulfilment of responsible leadership in democracy in the American press lies not in the biggest papers but in some of its smallest ones. You cannot be a VIP and a country editor at the same time. Not many country editors are getting rich, but more of them get into the meeting of the county commissioners than their greater colleagues get into Congressional committees, not to mention international conferences. In most of their towns the Communists are not a clear and present danger. But the Ku Klux Klan and its equivalents—and it has plenty of equivalents in



Connecticut as well as Mississippi—are composed of their neighbors.

I don't think I have ever been so proud of the press as when I had the privilege of helping present a prize a few years ago to two young editors from North Carolina towns neither of which had 5,000 inhabitants. But people don't realize that the decade in which the Ku Klux Klan grew in America was also the first decade in which there were more urban than rural people in America. It was the time when Sinclair Lewis wrote "Main Street" and wrote it in the District of Columbia. While all the city people who read "Main Street" were amused and perhaps enlightened by the smallnesses of the small town, they missed the main point that Mr. Lewis stated in his book, that Washington is nothing but an accumulation of a thousand Gopher Prairies. For every intolerance that raises its head in Tabor City, North Carolina, a duplicate exists in more malignant form within a mile of the Washington Monument or the Harvard Yard. The same kind of clear courage and the same understanding that intolerance is something that we meet face to face is what is needed in America now in Washington and every other town. The Senator who wore Congressional immunity to question the loyalty of General Marshall was as much engaged in a nightride as a stupid countryman in any village in America. The sheet, the sack, are nothing compared to the pretenses of superiority and the use of superior position and the nation's ear to proscribe other men.

The latter grows from and is fed by the former. McCarthy and Klan-Kleagle are two sides of the same coin. The American press will serve democracy best when it understands that freedom is a local story, and if our villages aren't clean and free neither is the Capitol. Our press will best serve democracy when it remembers that the only constituents of democracy are ordinary people everywhere.

Publisher's Diagnosis

Continued from page 11

paper percentage of the take did not keep up. Total advertising for the fifty-two largest cities was down 1.1 per cent from the previous year. Television for the first time jumped into second place as an advertising medium.

There has been a small but steady decline in the percentage of the advertising dollar which newspapers have been getting since 1949, when television first came into the picture. (There has been, of course, a more striking decline in what radio has been getting.) In 1949 the advertiser put 36.5 per cent of his money into newspapers; in 1954 the figure was something like 33 per cent. Again, if we take *The New York Times* figure for the five-year period 1950-1954 New York newspapers lost 741,112 lines.

I'm sorry to have had to use so many figures, but they all add up to something: they add up to a picture of a contracting rather than an expanding business, with more contraction coming; to a generally static situation in most of the big cities as far as circulation is concerned and to a host of problems which face any publisher. Some of them are:

Because of competing media there is a diminishing return in increasing rates to meet increased costs.

The trend toward monopoly has been accelerated.

Television has had a terrific impact upon the American newspaper and is the strongest competitor for the advertiser's dollar and the reader's time, particularly in the afternoon field.

The tide of suburbanization, which is running most strongly, tends to reduce the circulation of the big dailies, change the reading habits of potential newspaper buyers, and increase suburban-paper circulations.

The "economic spectrum," as I believe Ray Nixon calls it, within which newspapers operate tends to become narrower.

THE VERY fact that the problems exist raises the question of what publishers are doing about them. Unfortunately, most of them are cussing the unions, griping to each other, and, where there is competition, wondering whether they can outlast the other fellow. Some of them are frankly resorting to expedients, as we are, such as leaving classified out of the early editions. A great many, including such big papers as *The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, *The Washington Post*, and the Louisville papers, are

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trimming roll sizes and saving on newsprint. There is a point beyond which these things can't go unless we intend to get out single-column papers. Other papers have cut down on news content, which I believe is exactly the wrong way. All of these things diminish quality. Not even the *Times*, the world's best newspaper, would contend that its jammed-up type is as easy to read as it used to be.

Expedients must end somewhere, and the truth must be faced sooner or later for the ugly thing that it is. The bare, bald truth is that newspapers are at least a generation behind in research that might make production more efficient. There has been no major improvement in the process of printing newspapers in the past fifty years. Such inventions as are in use—teletypesetters, phototypesetting, and photon—are in operation in smaller plants, or are in the experimental stage. They have not demonstrated yet that they have industry-wide application.

Now, I have no desire to glorify the printing-trades unions. They usually resist change as hard as the publishers do. They struck when the linotype was introduced and they'll probably strike again if any great technological change is made in newspaper production. But I don't think they can be wholly blamed for the economic squeeze in which newspapers find themselves. Publishers have done precious little to help themselves. In 1953 the aviation industry was spending 13 per cent of all it took in on research; electrical machinery people were spending 6.4 per cent. The average for all industry was 2 per cent of its sales and that percentage was dragged down by the printing industry, of which newspapers are a part—the sixth greatest industry in the United States—which spent 0.017 per cent of its revenue on research. It's not only too little, it is certainly too late to save some papers.

Within the past year 175 newspapers have organized the Institute of Newspaper Operations, whose underlying purpose is the exploration and improvement of the methods and techniques of newspaper production and operation; the development of training methods for employes; cooperation with research organizations in the printing field and appraisal of new methods and equipment as to their possible incorporation into newspaper printing. It indicates that publishers have waked up to what is happening to them and offers the best hope I know of doing something about it.

Despite Government suits and the sociologists, the monopoly and single-paper trends will go on. The argument over monopoly is almost academic, since 94 per cent of the country has it. People of good will sometimes ask me, "Don't you think Louisville ought to have another paper?" My stock if not brilliant answer is, "What do you want us to do about it? Start another one?" The simple truth is that nobody in his right mind is starting metropolitan papers these days, unless he already has a money-making organization to pay the freight. Or unless, as seems to be the case in Jackson, Mississippi, people are using their mad money to show how angry they are.

I DON'T want to be in the position of arguing the inherent virtue of monopoly, because I don't believe there is any inherent virtue. What I would point out to you is that among the so-called monopoly papers are some of the best papers in the country. The Atlanta papers under one ownership are infinitely better than they were when there were three papers with three ownerships, constantly whipsawed between Atlanta advertisers. The Minneapolis papers are better than they ever were; the Louisville papers are too, I think. Whether papers are worse or better under a monopoly depends entirely upon the sense of public service and the community responsibility of the owners.

Let's look the monopoly question squarely in the face. No newspaper with radio or television stations or with news-weekly magazine circulation in its town has a monopoly. John Cowles made a study in Minneapolis that showed that Minneapolis radio stations are broadcasting almost twice as many words of news a week as his papers are publishing. I'm sure that's true in Louisville, too. I wouldn't concede for a moment that what they broadcast is nearly as full or intelligent as what we give the reader—indeed, a good deal of it is superficial headline stuff—but, with all the news and opinion programs on the air, only a moron could say that he was not

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aware of basic information or conflicting opinion.

Television has had a more serious impact upon newspapers, because it has invaded the visual field. It opened up the way for convention coverage such as radio could never give; it brought the bowl games into the living room through the eye; it gave the viewer Vishinsky in the midst of one of his tirades. If it be true, as television people claim, that they have a 70 per cent saturation of American homes there can be no argument with the contention that it is perhaps the most potent single mass medium. But not by any means the most adult or the most healthy for the body politic of America.

We have adopted the principle of "If you can't lick 'em, j'in 'em." Television is news and we are regarding and exploiting it as news. If there is any television news going around we want people to get it out of our papers. We want the young people to become readers of the serious news and the serious editorials, too, but they won't read either unless they are led into the paper.

Nobody has found the answer on suburbanization. Papers are meeting it in different ways, some of them with split editions, some with more extended coverage of the suburbs in their city editions. So far it's a big-city problem. Suburban papers in the ten largest areas of the country gained half a million circulation in the last five years, largely at the expense of metropolitan papers. *Newsday* on Long Island and the Royal Oak paper are striking examples of what is happening. Our circulation manager tells me that most of the growth in circulation has been in the small and medium-sized cities, indicating that where people used to buy two big-city papers a day they are now buying one and their own community paper. That's perfectly natural; people are still more interested in schools, sewers, local tax rates, juvenile delinquency, and other community problems than in Formosa.

NOW, if I were a young editor again I would still argue that the answer to most of our problems is better, not shorter or narrower, newspapers. As an editor I could be much more constructive and much more optimistic than I have been in painting the economic picture. I could say in all truth that, while a good many newspapers will die in the next few years, those newspapers which are alert to the changing patterns of life, which recognize their primary obligations to their communities and their readers and undertake to fulfil them, will survive.

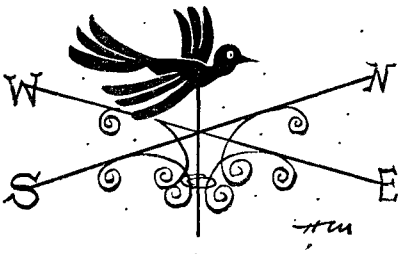
There has been, in my time, a great lift in the intellectual level of newspapers. There has been, too, a change for the better in the concept of most of their owners of their responsibility to the public. There is less cheapness, less tawdriness, less pandering to the baser emotions and fewer newspapers that do it than when I came along. There is more sober and generally more independent discussion of issues; there is less blatant partisanship, although still a great deal too much of it. There is better reporting; more background information, more reporting in depth, more graphic aids for the reader.

There is more concern on the part of newspapermen for their professional status. The ASNE, the APME, Sigma Delta Chi, and the National Conference of Editorial Writers have all tended to emphasize the more serious approach to issues and to writing. The Nieman and Reid Foundations and the American Press Institute have been most useful factors in broadening the intellectual base of newspapermen.

Real progress has been made in the news and editorial departments, more so than in any other department of the newspapers. But there is still too much superficiality, too much overwriting, too much glamorizing of bums, too little digging for background. We have not yet substituted the decent, well-written human-interest story for the old sob stuff. If you would know what I mean read the "Bedside Guardian," that yearly compilation of pieces from the *Manchester Guardian*.

I sometimes think that there has been too much emphasis lately upon professional standards and too little upon the content of our newspapers. Since there must be a beginning for a new emphasis I would suggest that a good place to start would be schools of journalism. I admit to presumption when I make the suggestion that journalism teachers ought now to take advantage of their fiftieth anniversary to see whether they have caught up with the atomic world. I have a pet theory that if universities are going to spend money on schools of journalism they should be made real schools. Most of them, in my observation, are trade schools, and the danger is that with the increasing demand for bright young people to write singing commercials they may become more so.

I may have been entirely wrong, but I have told my own children in years past not to take journalism as an undergraduate course; that the best they could get out of it was a short-cut in techniques; that it was more important to fill their minds than to learn a trade. Schools of journalism have improved vastly since I



gave that advice, but it is still basically true. I should like to see the schools recast so that the techniques of journalism become incidental, or at least could be learned as extra-curricular activity, while the emphasis is put upon making the full man intellectually, and upon learning more of what to write than how to write the five Ws. My ideal school of journalism would be heavy in English and English literature (I might even require Latin); in history of every kind including archeology; in political science, and in economics. I might be willing to consider psychology and sociology, but not sociology unless I found somebody like Margaret Mead or Stuart Chase who had foresworn gobblydegook and talked in plain English about human relations.

THE time has come for schools of journalism to become professional schools in the fullest sense. We are willing to pour millions into medical schools to produce people who will try to cure our bodily and mental ills —and that's important—or into producing lawyers who will protect property rights, which seems to be what most of them are concerned with, but we spend precious little in producing people who have the instrument, and sometimes the will, to protect the only thing that really means anything in this hydrogen world—our freedom at home and abroad.

Newspapers used to thunder their beliefs at Washington when we were a small and weak nation. Now that we are powerful, now that the press is infinitely greater in its capacity to communicate, it finds too little to communicate. It is serving largely as an *ex post facto* commentator.

You will observe that these things I have mentioned as major challenges to the press all lie within the realm of, and affect, human freedoms: the security program, desegregation, and the whole field of foreign policy. I think the answer to the question whether the press can help build a free world lies in its concern with these things and in its determination to find out something about them and then, having found, to speak in the name of American tradition and decency. Elmer Davis was never more right than when he said, "This nation was not built by cowards; it will not be preserved by cowards."

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PERSONALS

WANT INTERESTING JOB—like people. Columbia University student, broke, has to supplement G. I. Bill. Box V-548.

VACATION? Binoculars add tremendously to your enjoyment. All types, prices, postpaid. BARTLETT HENDRICKS, Pittsfield 50-B, Mass.

SPECIAL FOR SPRING, GRANNY GUINN'S weekly farm letters are 13, $2; 26, $3.50, and 52, $6. For 4 to 8-year-olds. Write Granny Guinn, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

JAPAN — Graduate Business Student, accounting major, having acquaintance with Japanese language, customs, and places, desires summer situation as traveling companion or business associate. Box V-983.

COUNSELORS (general, specialty) WANTED. Teachers, students. Men and women, ages 20 plus. Pocono Mt. Camps. KLEIN, 43 Rumsey Road, Yonkers, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA College Graduate, teaching credentials—tutor, governess. Will travel. Box W-155.

YOUR BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN? Successful biographer will consider doing work on successful individual. Box W-153.

DARTMOUTH GRAD, medical student, desires summer travel—companion, aide; likes children. Box W-152.

SUMMER COTTAGE in exchange for handyman work Peekskill (N. Y.) vicinity. Box W-150.

POTENTIAL social scientist-philosopher interested research problems, philosophy of science, ethnology, desires position museum, university, foundation. Box V-987.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

ENGLISH CORRECTION. Man experienced with slow, difficult pupils. Box W-148.

ATTRACTIVE 8-room remodeled farmhouse in southern New Hampshire rent free to reliable professional couple for July and August in return for caretaking and dogsitting. References exchanged. Box W-146.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

SMALL BOOKSHOP—attractively priced, nearest to United Nations. Exclusive for apartment section of 7,000 residents. Telephone MUrray Hill 4-6489 (NYC).

CHICAGO bachelor planning five-week South America trip in November desires same share expenses. Box W-133.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

MEDICAL STUDENT desires summer position as travel companion. Box W-131.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK — Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

MALE College Graduate, 26, desires travel Europe as companion, tutor, Man Friday. Box W-142.

HAVE YOU son, daughter with creative talents who would flourish in small, new, friendly college? Fall semester begins September 26. Catalogue on request. Windham College, Putney, Vermont.

REFINED, educated woman (50) wishes position housekeeper-governess, one man and child, in country home, Connecticut. $150. Box W-132.

MIDDLE-AGED SCHOOLTEACHER desires to become teacher-companion to disabled child. Box W-135.

COLUMBIA Graduate Student in philosophy desires summer job. Experience in speaking, acting, writing, radio announcing, directing. Will travel. Box W-145.

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(Continued on page 36)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 35)

22ND WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains. July 25-August 12. Edwin Balmer, May Sarton, Nora Kramer and others. Write Don Saunders, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

BABIES, WEDDINGS: "Avoca" handwoven Irish blankets. Carol Brown, Putney 3, Vermont.

MAKE YOUR STATIONERY very personal with our pen and ink sketch of your house, and then use it to cut your Christmas greeting costs way down. TIFFT, 2860 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

PRINCETON JUNIOR wants interesting summer position. Would like travel. Typist, tutor. Anything? Box W-134.

NEW PUBLISHER interested in new ideas. What can you offer for mutual profit? Box W-136.

TWO YALE STUDENTS, second year law, seek interesting summer jobs. Box W-137.

LADY would like to travel with one or two persons driving West this summer. Share expenses. Not a driver. Box W-138.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

OPPORTUNITY TO PUT BELIEFS INTO ACTION. Live in unsegregated community. Attractive new 3-bedroom ranch homes just outside Philadelphia, $11,990. NEW MODEL has added playroom, den, powder room. Near Philadelphia Interchange, Pennsylvania Turnpike. 100% MORTGAGES AVAILABLE. Telephone ELmwood 7-4325. Concord Park Homes, Old Lincoln Highway and Street Road, Trevose, Pa.

MAGNIFICENT VIEW, modernized farmhouse, 140 acres, barn, stream, pond. Yours for $12,000. Truesdell, Colrain, Mass.

$3,950 — SWAN'S ISLAND, MAINE. 9-room house, partly furnished. Harbor view, shore frontage. Box W-102.

PICTURESQUE SETTING, waterfall. Approximately 3 acres. Dream 6-room saltbox. 2 baths, oil heat, fireplace, view, peace. Just remodeled settle estate. Asking $17,500—wonderful terms. Can be furnished. Call Barton, Pine Plains 140R2. Write Irene Rheinstrom, Pine Plains, New York.

THOUSAND ISLANDS: For campers, two Ontario islets, new cabins, furniture, views. $3,500. Box W-144.

UPPER MICHIGAN. Beautifully wooded 17-acre island with 4-room furnished log cabin. Fireplace, electric plant, gas stove and refrigerator, 2 boats. Utmost privacy and seclusion. $7,500. Box W-139.

For Rent

SWEET OLD HOUSE in Hunterdon County, N. J., for rent unfurnished $300 a year. Big living room with fireplace, bedroom, kitchen. Electricity, no plumbing. H. B., 30 Gansevoort St., NYC.

POCONOS. Deluxe housekeeping cottages on stream. Fireplaces. Quiet, cool; for discriminating guests. Box V-950.

For Summer Rental

MARYLAND, near Gettsyburg, Pa. 2-room furnished apartment, bath, kitchenette, in charming country home. $65 monthly including utilities. Swimming. UNiversity 5-4509 (NYC). Box V-976.

WANT A VACATION "far from the madding crowd"? Seclusion, swimming, new housekeeping cottage for two, southern Vermont. Occupancy June 1. Box W-140.

SECLUDED COTTAGE, private estate. Two adults, $500 season. Box W-141.

UNUSUAL VACATION OPPORTUNITY. Most attractive cottage available month of July on large private property shore Lake Champlain near Burlington, Vt. Rent $75 per week. Modern equipment, furnished, services and boat included. Box W-154.

June 18-September 9. Charming North Jersey farmhouse, 9 rooms, all conveniences; mountains, river, swimming, tennis. One hour from NYC. $1,000. Box W-151.

CAPE COD, DENNIS. Historic family house, furnished, all conveniences; 4 bedrooms. Quiet residential area. Beaches easily accessible. For month, season. Very reasonable to responsible family. Box W-149.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MONTAUK—Charming 1½-room studio, ¼ mile from beach. Screen porch, full bath, electric kitchen, heat. Complete privacy. $750 July 1-Labor Day. $950 June 1-September 15. Williams, Box 651, Montauk, N. Y.

WOMAN WANTED to share cottage in Berkshires, near Tanglewood. GRamercy 5-2630 (NYC).

SOUTHERN VERMONT hill farmhouse, comfortably modernized, completely equipped. 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, attic dormitory playroom. Swimming near. Accessible seclusion. Monthly $200, season $500. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y. Lakeside cabins, 1½ rooms. All sports. Season from $400, weekly from $56. J. Braider, 240 East 20 St., NYC.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE. Modern, secluded. Sleeps two. Mount Desert Bird Migratory Belt. $45 week. Mayo, Box 115, McKinley, Maine.

CAPE COD COTTAGE, Southwest Harbor, Maine. 7 bedrooms, 3 baths, electric hot water heater. Nicely furnished, including linen and silver. References required. $1,000 for season. Box V-740.

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EXPLORE WITH TOP BOATMEN and renowned wilderness photographer down Green and Colorado Rivers. Expedition leaves Green River, Wyoming, June 10 on 60-day journey to Lake Mead through 16 fabulous canyons including Grand Canyon. Relive voyage Major Powell made in 1869. Requirement: ruggedness! Inquire: Charles Eggert, Barrytown, New York.

TRAVEL leisurely, economically, comfortably! Reservations still available for 65-day trip to Europe. July 1-September 3. Only $1,085, all-inclusive: luxury liner, hotel accommodations, meals, sightseeing, transfers, tips, taxes. Experienced leadership. Alertness credit for teachers! Write today: Lewis Gordon, COMPASS TRAVEL BUREAU, 55 West 42 St., NYC 36.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN, educated Eton, Cambridge offers personal tours Britain June till September. $55 per week plus expenses. All arrangements, no worries. Box W-143.

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet. Surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

BRANDON INN on village green near library, churches. Real New England food. Elevator. Completely sprinklered. Restful 2-acre garden lawn. Folder. Brandon, Vermont.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 to $55. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

THE HOMESTEAD, Greenwich, Connecticut, 28 miles from NYC. Beautiful small New England Inn, Club atmosphere. Work, rest, play. Telephone 8-7500.

KINHAVEN. A musical vacation in Vermont's Green Mountains: Swimming, tennis, square dancing, summer theater, concerts, plus chamber music including recorders. Expert musical and sports supervision. Children's session: June 30-August 19. Adult sessions: August 19-August 29, August 29-September 5. Write David Dushkin, Director, Weston, Vt.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

VACATIONS

TRANQUIL, comfortable living in spectacular Mt. Rainier country. Ride, fish, or do nothing. Fifteen guests. Rates on request. DOUBLE K MOUNTAIN RANCH, Goose Prairie, Washington.

PELICAN COVE — in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate ocean-front apartments, cooling trade winds, beach, skin-diving, fishing, loafing. Literate, congenial company. Astonishingly inexpensive. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

MUSIC INN at Lenox, Mass., open for Memorial Day weekend. Boating, bicycling, Barwas. Fishing, tennis, sun cots. Special program. Write, do. We love to receive mail.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, mountain-top, 2 connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, HI-FI concerts, barbecue, hiking, packed lunches, etc. Lodge and Cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. Midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse.

KUTAY'S LODGE—*Adults, Swimming, Boating.* Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N. Y.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10 A. P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Mass.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, Eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $25-$35 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes, 237 Ashland Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for Decoration Day Weekend. All sports, folk-singing, dancing, (square & round), daily art class, records. Cocktail lounge. Call Lenox 8677.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, peace-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond reach or desire. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, MAINE. (Open May 30.) Booklet?

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, New York. Informal adult resort. Private lake. Tennis. Outstanding record library. Excellent American cuisine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

EASTERN SHORE Virginia farm, seashore. Excellent food. PENROSE FARMS, Quinby, Virginia.

ISLAND VACATION ON CASCO BAY! Golf, swimming, ocean breezes combined with good food and accommodations. Ten boats daily. ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeague Island, Maine. (Open May 30.) Brochure.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Opening Junish. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

MUSIC IN MEXICO! Ten weeks intensive, accredited study with ROBERT LAWRENCE, June 13 to September 1, at Mexico's international arts and crafts center. Concerts, drama course, field trips, amazingly inexpensive living in Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus: INSTITUTO ALLENDE, Box 7, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

WONDERFUL VACATION COUNTRY! Motoring, hiking. Historical countryside. Golf, tennis, boating nearby. Home-cooked meals. Reasonable. HAWTHORNE INN, 54 West St., Northampton, Mass.

MEXICO—An unusual opportunity for children ages 11-14 to spend July-August with American educators in their home. Rare opportunity to absorb different culture, learn arts, crafts; association with Mexican children. Visits to neighboring crafts villages, fiestas; rich archeological region. $750-$850 all-inclusive. Leon and Frances Sciaky, 160 West 95 St., NYC 25. RIverside 9-5468.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Buffalo-hunting Apache Indian; cowboy.	78 77 128 85 108 7 2
B. Book of short stories by Conrad, 1902.	197 148 90 141 52
C. Assumed name of François Marie Arouet (18th cent.).	104 31 195 180 205 60 175 139
D. Certain wildcat from southern Texas to Paraguay.	96 39 187 202 172 138 97 76 146 12
E. Comedy by Ben Jonson (with "The," 1610).	196 35 158 178 123 149 130 70 87
F. Middling; indifferent.	40 132 47 177 124 6 61
G. In a happy-go-lucky fashion (3 wds.).	165 56 4 88 29 44 134 109 33
H. Improving (3 wds.).	201 98 71 54 64 1 143 9 191
I. Pieces of chamois skin; wash leathers.	185 153 167 15 55 101
J. "Water-laid" rope (comp.).	95 18 136 81 156 126 65 106
K. Amer. printer who founded Sunday School Union, 1819.	79 127 181 83 184 120 19
L. Particle in atomic nuclei except those of ordinary hydrogen.	199 182 129 155 103 116 38
M. Mad.	62 111 206 100 73 121 137 162
N. Play hockey.	208 122 166 170 171 26 21

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Excel in any way.	32 174 131 11 159 186 193 36
P. Antonym of gigantism.	164 93 86 160 147 114
Q. Call in question; controvert.	34 5 194 92 74 140
R. Fernlike.	27 66 161 163 151 43 50 41
S. Burden as with a load.	16 110 45 25 8 22 91
T. Egyptian goddess of writing and learning.	80 176 3 142 145 113
U. Unit of measure for quantity of flow in a waterfall.	58 150 17 105 112
V. Scare.	82 119 135 57 72 204 188 51
W. Colloq. humorous, for a person without savoir faire (2 wds.).	107 20 125 42 84 189 28 53 168
X. Baseball slang for struck out.	169 59 192 154 89 207 183
Y. Burial.	198 118 30 24 203 37 190 67 173
Z. Hydrophobia.	94 115 68 48 179
Z^1. Meaning of "à bas" (2 wds.).	99 75 23 13 117 69 10 152
Z^2. British writer on education, friend of Rousseau (1744-1817).	102 133 200 157 49 46 63 14 144

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 H	2 A	3 T	4 G	■	5 Q	6 F	7 A	8 S	9 H	10 Z^1	11 O	■	12 D	13 Z^1	■	14 Z^2
15 I	16 S	17 U	18 J	■	19 K	20 W	21 N	22 S	■	23 Z^1	24 Y	25 S	26 N	■	27 R	28 W
29 G	■	30 Y	31 C	32 O	■	33 G	34 Q	35 E	36 O	37 Y	38 L	■	39 D	40 F	41 R	■
42 W	43 R	44 G	45 S	46 Z^2	47 F	48 Z	■	49 Z^2	50 R	51 V	52 B	■	53 W	54 H	55 I	56 G
57 V	■	58 U	59 X	60 C	61 F	62 M	63 Z^2	64 H	65 J	■	66 R	67 Y	68 Z	69 Z^1	70 E	71 H
72 V	73 M	74 Q	■	75 Z^1	76 D	■	77 A	■	78 A	79 K	80 T	81 J	■	82 V	83 K	84 W
85 A	86 P	87 E	■	88 G	89 X	■	90 B	91 S	92 Q	93 P	94 Z	95 J	96 D	■	97 D	98 H
99 Z^1	100 M	101 I	102 Z^2	103 L	104 C	105 U	106 J	■	107 W	108 A	109 G	110 S	111 M	112 U	113 T	■
114 P	115 Z	■	116 L	117 Z^1	118 Y	■	119 V	120 K	121 M	122 N	123 E	124 F	■	125 W	126 J	127 K
■	128 A	129 L	130 E	131 O	132 F	■	133 Z^2	134 G	135 V	136 J	137 M	138 D	139 C	140 Q	141 B	■
142 T	143 H	■	144 Z^2	145 T	146 D	■	147 P	148 B	■	149 E	150 U	151 R	152 Z^1	■	153 I	154 X
■	155 L	156 J	157 Z^2	■	158 E	159 O	160 P	161 R	162 M	■	163 R	164 P	■	165 G	166 N	167 I
■	168 W	169 X	170 N	■	171 N	172 D	173 Y	174 O	175 C	176 T	■	177 F	178 E	179 Z	180 C	■
181 K	182 L	■	183 X	184 K	185 I	186 O	187 D	188 V	189 W	190 Y	191 H	■	192 X	193 O	■	194 Q
195 C	196 E	197 B	198 Y	199 L	200 Z^2	■	201 H	202 D	203 Y	■	204 V	205 C	206 M	207 X	208 N	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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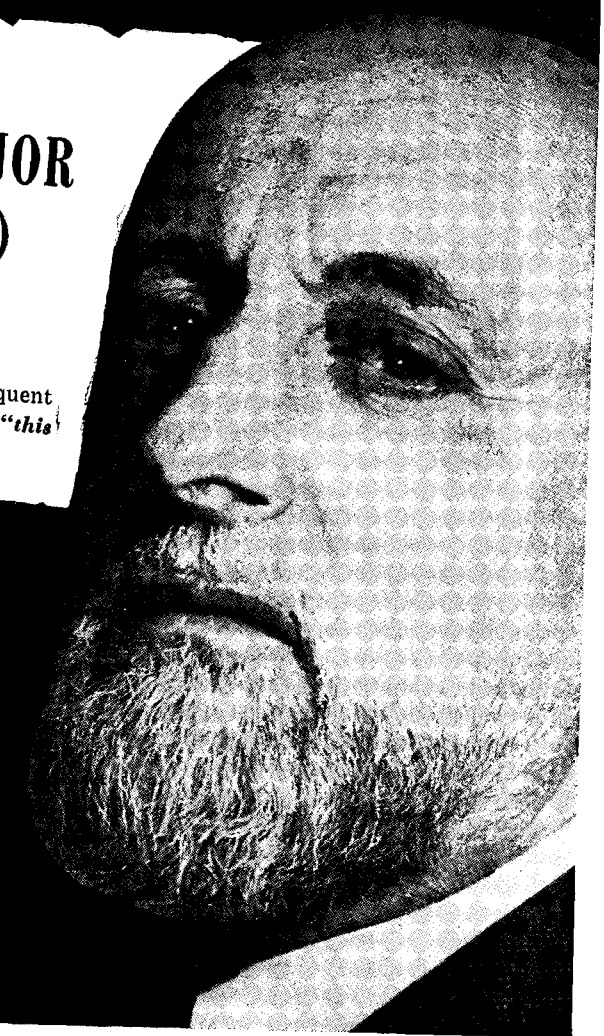

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

APRIL 30, 1955

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WHOSE MONEY TALKS?

A Resume on Subscription TV

By IRVING KOLODIN

THE battle-lines have been drawn and soon (May 9) the issue will be joined on what promises to be a major contest involving the leisure hours of 35,000,000 homes in which television is now part of the daily pattern of life. On that date proponents and opponents of pay-as-you-see television will appear before the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D. C. to present their views. Answering briefs will be filed during the next thirty-day period, after which the FCC will concentrate on this knotty problem and produce a ruling sometime in the future.

On the one side are the advocates of one or another of the three major devices for receiving a television program which becomes intelligible only on the use, for a fee, of a decoder. In the order of the vigor with which they have pursued the objective are: the Zenith Radio Corporation of Chicago, whose method is called Phonevision; the Skiatron Electronics and Television Corporation, which is sponsoring Subscriber-Vision (using the ultra high frequency band not now employed for regular program purposes); and Paramount Pictures, which has an interest in a "telemeter" service.

On the other side are representatives of the Theatre Owners of America, and representatives of various networks, independent TV station-owners, etc. The persuasion and logic with which the arguments are set forth will, no doubt, have an influence on whether the FCC decides yes or no on the basic question: Is subscription TV in the public interest? This decision, obviously, must precede any evaluation of merits in the several systems.

As so often happens, however, a primary party at interest—the public—is not directly represented in the arguments, pro and con. To be sure, the petitioning parties will all declare, with hands on heart, that "public interest" is of prime concern. But it is also true that each and all are purveying a product or a service which is now, or promises in the future to be, money-making. Hence, they are hardly without more basic motivation.

It is for these reasons that *SR* has prepared this resume and attached to it a questionnaire probing public sentiment on an issue of vast interest to TV viewers—in other words, average Americans—from coast to coast. Prompt attention to it is urged, and prompt dispatch of an answer is solicited, that such guidance as it may afford will be available to the FCC when it takes its deep breath before arriving at a decision. For those who may receive a similar questionnaire in the mail, it may be mentioned that a separate broadside has been addressed to a cross-section of the subscription list to serve as a double check on reader interest. (It is assumed that those who receive and return the separate mail questionnaire will not duplicate their sentiments.)

Commercially sponsored TV has, in terms of a considerable audience, now had upwards of five years in which to prove its capacities to service the broad range of entertainment interests. Where mass interests are concerned—whether it is vaudeville shows of the Ed Sullivan variety, baseball games, or public events of overwhelming interest (such as the political conventions)—it has performed in ways verging from admirable to merely acceptable. Where interests of a more restricted nature are concerned—music, drama, ideas, books, the arts generally—it has ranged from fair to mediocre. Such interesting exceptions as "Meet the Press," "Omnibus," the Ed Murrow programs merely intensify attention on deficiencies elsewhere. The costly opera-ballet-drama productions have

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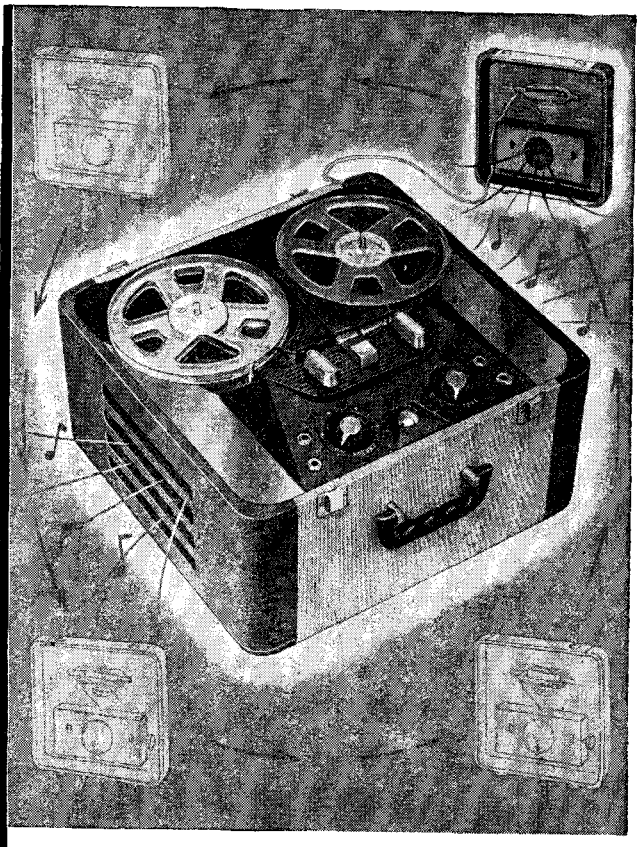

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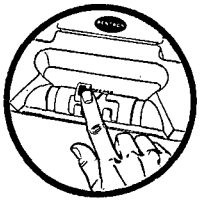

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been slighted because their appeal does not offer a sufficiently large audience to interest a commercial sponsor.

This does not, by any stretch of the imagination, mean that there are not enough interested viewers to meet the cost of a complete Metropolitan Opera on TV, a ballet, or a symphony concert. It means, rather, that no purveyor of oil or toothpaste or mouthwash can see a way to selling enough *additional* oil, toothpaste, or mouthwash to meet the bill. Considering that the Metropolitan radio broadcasts are heard by millions, is it not probable that several hundred thousand would pay $1 a set for a TV presentation? The element of public appeal is, indeed, so potent that some opponents of subscription TV declare that television cannot live half-free, half-fee.

If the FCC ultimately gives a go-ahead, this is how the viewer would participate. His TV set would remain as it is, for reception of usual programs. A small unit would be attached to it to decode a scrambled signal. Without it, his set would reproduce nothing intelligible. If the program being offered appeals to him, he would insert a card with a code number on it. The card would register the number of times used in a week or month, with the fee per program. At the end of the stated period he would return the card with a remittance, and receive a new card for the next period. The fee would vary in proportion to the expense of producing the program. In general terms, this is the system proposed by Zenith. The Skiatron and Paramount procedures differ in detail, but the basic principles are the same.

In view of the opposition to Subscription TV, the following facts must be considered:

1) A decoding machine is relatively expensive (around $80 a unit). In order to distribute the mechanisms to enough homes to make the system workable, a capital investment of many millions will be necessary.

2) Proper business procedure will urge a reasonable return on this large investment. Hence, instead of servicing a selective public with things it is *not* now getting, it will tend to bid away from the free media the programs of greatest appeal, thus the quickest return—"I Love Lucy," professional baseball, college football, etc. If, for example, 500,000 units were distributed in New York or Chicago and a fee of twenty-five cents per game established for TV broadcasts free from commercial chatter, a ball club might receive as much as $25,000 a game rather than the fraction of that amount it is now getting from a sponsor.

3) The result, on balance, would be to transfer the charge for TV sponsorship from an advertiser to the public. Not much would be gained in program richness or variety. Some portion of the public would benefit, that being the portion able to pay for the luxury of entertainment minus irritation. A larger portion, not so affluent or so discriminating, would be deprived of entertainment it now receives without charge.

The merits of either position are, obviously, of the sort that can only be tested by performance. Perhaps the "minority interests" (as those in the mass media characterize them) are far more lucrative than anyone imagines. After all, more money—upwards of $45,000,000—has been spent in this country in a year on so-called "long-hair" attractions (opera, orchestras, concert artists, ballet, etc.) than on organized baseball. Perhaps such a pool of interested persons can pay its share of the installation cost (through rental or instalment purchase) without requiring recourse to programs of mass appeal. *No one can know until a trial has been made.*

As to the argument that pay-as-you-see telecasts of baseball games will bid away these attractions from the mass media: Is there any reason why such an attraction cannot be distributed both ways? Let those who want it with restful interludes free of commercial chatter pay for the privilege.

Let those who don't care take it as is. And let those who are content with a description without a picture—namely, radio—again, take it as is. *No one can tell how sound each suggestion is until a trial has been made.*

THOSE who argue that Subscription TV would deprive millions of viewers of things they now see free cannot blink the fact that Theatre Network Television—with whom, unfortunately, some of those represented by the Theatre Owners of America are, in fact, aligned—already has established the philosophy of pay-as-you-see television beyond argument. It is, now, simply a matter of whether the box office is in the theatre or the living-room, with popcorn or without. (Perhaps if a popcorn concession went with Subscription TV, TOA would look more kindly on it.) Why should one be forced to visit a theatre blocks or miles away to see a heavyweight championship fight or an important football game or the opening of the Met if one is willing to pay for it in the home? There is the technical distinction that theatre-network TV uses land-lines and thus is not licensed

(*Continued on page 49*)

SUBSCRIPTION TV BALLOT: Please fill out and post as soon as possible to TV SURVEY, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

1. **Do you live in a community that receives television broadcasts regularly?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
2. **Do you now own a television set?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
3. **Does the idea of "Subscription Television" appeal to you?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
4. **If "Subscription Television" were available, would you install a connection in your home?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
5. **What do you think is a fair price to charge for a single show seen via "Subscription Television"?**
   Recognizing that different shows may vary in cost, please check **two** of the following prices to indicate what you think would be an acceptable price range for your family budget.
   ( ) 25 cents ( ) $1.25
   ( ) 75 cents ( ) $1.50
   ( ) $1.00 ( ) $2.00
   ( ) $1.25 ( ) $2.50
6. **How much do you think you would be willing to budget a week to watch "Subscription Television"?**
   ( ) 50 cents ( ) $3.00
   ( ) $1.00 ( ) $10.00
   ( ) $2.00
   Other amounts..... write in
7. **How many hours a week do you watch television now?**
   .....hours per week
8. **In what area of entertainment do you think "Subscription Television" could contribute to expand present TV coverage?**
   ( ) Sports ( ) Theatre
   ( ) Music ( ) First Run Films
   Other..... write in
9. **Are you satisfied with the children's programs now shown on TV?**
   ( ) Yes ( ) No
10. **What other kinds of children's programs would you welcome?**
    .....
    .....
11. **Would you pay to have your children see the above programs?**
    ( ) Yes ( ) No
12. **If YES, how much would you pay daily for such programs?**
    ( ) 25 cents ( ) $2.00 or more
    ( ) 50 cents ( ) $1.25
    ( ) 75 cents ( ) $1.50
    ( ) $1.00
13. **Do you feel "Subscription Television" should be authorized by the federal government so that the TV audience can at least choose between free network shows and paid TV?**
    ( ) Yes ( ) No
14. **What do you consider your favorite TV programs now on the air?**
    .....
    .....
    .....

(Please sign here if you wish)

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High Fidelity vs. High Fatality

By ABRAM CHASINS

IS HIGH fidelity the road to high fatality in recording achievement? Is the emphasis on opulence of sound causing a decline in standards of performance? I should hate to think so, for mechanical progress should, theoretically, bring us many esthetic as well as practical advantages. When facility, however, becomes the end rather than the means, the result is a diminution of standards. I use the term "high fidelity" in a generic sense, taking in all the physical improvements in every phase of the recording industry as well as the tremendous public interest derived from them.

Recently I listened to a number of acoustic records made during the "Golden Age" of recording. I understand the term better now, having heard so many modern discs, than I did a decade ago when I last heard the recordings of Caruso, Journet, Melba, Ponselle, Paderewski, McCormack, and Kreisler. I also listened to some later electrical recordings of Chaliapin, Gigli, Onegin, Flagstad, Elman, Casals, Heifetz, Hofmann, Schnabel, Backhaus, and Rachmaninoff, to name a few.

Studying these older records brings home some truths worth cherishing. Great artists are great artists no matter how you splice them. They are self-critical and therefore selective. They choose to interpret those compositions for which they have the greatest affinity. They see them whole and mold them meticulously through long years of loving labor.

But it is precisely these long years of loving labor which the great demand of the public today and the economics of recording conspire to prevent. On a dollar-and-cents basis, a recording company today which does not have a large and continually increasing catalogue cannot stay in business. LP like TV is a material-devouring monster. The desire of the public for complete packages is insatiable. What to do? The companies certainly try to get their best artists to do as many recordings as possible. but artists of top caliber, unless they are specialists like Wanda Landowska, rarely will play every work of a specific category. Why? Because there are few collections containing only masterpieces. Furthermore, a first-flight artist of integrity will not be persuaded to perform any work which has not been in his repertory for a long time, thoroughly tested and matured.

The demand persists, however, and there are lots of performers of lesser ideals and accomplishments, who can be persuaded to accept assignments which great musicians hesitate to touch. And here it is that the miracle-producing recording director, with all the mechanical facilities at his command, aids and abets this project. Very often it is the technique of splicing and patching tape which compensates for the average musician's inadequacies to the formidable requirements of today's recording demands. Marvelous things have been accomplished when technicians and musicians of the first caliber have worked together to achieve flawless discs of superb quality and continuity. But when technicians work alone (and a number of discs attest to such practice) or with a performer utterly unable to achieve unity of conception under any circumstances, an inferior result, if not complete disaster, is inevitable.

Allow me to invite you to a recording by a pianist faced with a "complete" category of works. I happen to know that only two out of this particular category were in his repertory, and that he had amply demonstrated on the platform that these were well beyond his musical and technical capacities. Nevertheless, here he is engaged to do the whole set. It isn't one of those harrowing sessions where the studio turns out to be a dud no matter where the instrument or the microphone is put. Nor does a piano leg collapse at the first arpeggio. It's just a nice normal session with the usual number of miseries. Our artist walks in, visibly scared at the assignment. By the time the microphones are placed, the maximum and minimum volume calculated and other problems of acoustics solved, he is considerably unnerved.

Our pianist makes the first take. The playback discloses rhythmic unsteadiness and a loss of power toward the end. He tries again. This time the rhythm is better, but something of the first fine rapture has been lost. Again, the next try reveals the presence of improved tonal control, at the expense of considerable accuracy. Moreover, the pianist's endurance is failing, and so an attempt is made to play section by section, with rests between. Just as in the good old days of 78 rpm, except that he plays for about two minutes at one sitting. rather than for four-and-a-half minutes. And he has the comfort of knowing that a "fluff" can be "corrected."

Schnabel—"long years of loving labor."

A fast section of finger passages turns out to be practically note-perfect but constricted and devoid of any performance-excitement. There is always the danger for a person of emotional sensitivity of getting to a point where something snaps within, where a fuse is blown, where the source of power fails. Our pianist is now beset with fatigue and discouragement, the recording company with overtime. So everybody goes home.

The next day further attempts were made with very much the same result. (I am describing an actual session I attended.) Science was now compelled to come to the rescue. The technicians and the artist got to work and extracted section one of take three, with its more poetic gradations of tone, tacked it to section two, with its rhythmic verve, spliced it to the third part of take four and its effective passage work, and so on. The disc eventually emerged on the market as a respectable piece of piano-playing with some nice things in every section, but totally lacking in musical continuity.

In the old days and in large works. the artist was forced to stop approximately every four-and-a-half minutes. But within the allotted time the unit had to be thought through as well as played straight through. A small

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Recordings in Review

More Power to Ponselle

LULLY: *"Bois Epais," etc. Rosa Ponselle, soprano, with Igor Chicagov, piano.* RCA Victor LM-1889, $3.98.

ANY GREAT public career that ends, as Rosa Ponselle's did, when the singer is barely forty, has to be considered an unfinished story. What is wonderful to note, in this evidence of her art nearly twenty years later, is that the long *fermata* has left her well short of the double bar marking a wise end to endeavor. Not only in the richness of the sound and the trueness of the emotion, but in the admirable discipline of what she has undertaken, the best in these performances of October 1954 mark the Ponselle of today as an artist to be reckoned with when the fine singers of '55 are totaled up.

Needless to say, in a sequence of sixteen songs extending in time from Lully's "Bois épais" to Roland Farley's "The Night Wind," and in style from "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" to Del Riego's "Homing," not everything is of equal quality or equal suitability to her still remarkable voice. I could well spare, for example, her efforts with Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe" and Schubert's "Erlkönig"—both a little too melting and curvaceous for the kind of line involved. However, it is doubtful if any singer now well-known could surpass her versions of Donaudy's "O del mio amato ben," or Del Riego's "Homing" or Sadero's "Amuri amuri," each a little masterpiece of tonal portraiture.

To dilate further on the quality of Miss Ponselle's enunciation of her Italian and English texts, the richness of her lower range, or her direct communication with the listener's nerve centers would be, only, to test the reader's credulity. I can only suggest that anyone with an interest in fine singing who has $3.98 to invest will find this a rewarding experience. Despite the non-studio surroundings (the record was made in Miss Ponselle's home near Baltimore) the results are uniformly good. Chicagov's expert piano accompaniments are given the value they merit.

Cortot in Name Only

SCHUMANN: *"Carnaval,"* CHOPIN: *Sonata in B flat minor. Alfred Cortot, piano.* L HMV-18, $4.98.

IT IS COMMON council, when listening to the performances of veteran performers, to advise: "Never mind the wrong notes: listen to the right ones." However, Cortot has made it more than ordinarily difficult here by a predilection for wrong notes in the places where one would expect right ones even from him: in some legato passages, and in others where the pace is not extreme. Also, as these are both works of which he made distinguished versions in other days, it is an unpleasant duty to note that they are much inferior to his own best standard.

On the whole, the "Carnaval" fares somewhat better of the two, for there are—every so often—those pieces of limited complexity in which he can cast a still potent spell with the flexibility and expressiveness of his phrasing, a grace and eloquence in his dynamic statement. The Chopin, however, is persistently muddy and inexact, too often a blur of sound with insufficient definition to clarify a harmonic pattern. Needless to say, it has its moments of distinction, especially in the "Marche funèbre," but they arrive only at painfully long intervals.

RCA hasn't adhered to expectations for this series in its presentation, either. The name of the annotator and the date of recordings—consistent features of this HMV project—are missing. Technically the sound is quite good, but the issue is, otherwise, a model of everything a recording should not be.

New Voices of Spain

MONTSALVATGE: *"Canciones Negras,"* MOMPOU: *"Combat del Somni," etc. Nan Merriman, mezzo soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel 35208, $4.98.

IF THE NAMES OF Xavier Montsalvatge, Fernando Obradors, not to mention Federico Mompou, come to have the appreciation due them in this country, the credit will in large part go to this pioneering enterprise of Nan Merriman. The fire and finesse of her projection of the "Canciones Negras" of Montsalvatge (a man in his early forties who is obviously a songwriter of the highest quality), the sensitivity and poetic feeling she imparts to Mompou's three part "Combat del Somni" are indicative of an attention to detail rare among singers of our day.

Miss Merriman's disposition to the Spanish idiom has been well-known since her recording half-a-dozen years ago of Falla's "El Amor Brujo" with Leopold Stokowski, but the vocal

Montsalvatge—"highest quality."

solidity of that accomplishment is but the beginning of the virtue in these beautifully artistic performances, heightened by a command of *flamenco* style not often encountered among singers not born to the manner. For that matter, there are few singers with her vocal endowment who can manage so convincingly the lightness of mood in Obradors's "El Majo Celoso" as well as the sombre "Romanza de Solita" (of which the only previous recording known to me was in a Gladys Swarthout collection of the middle Forties).

Miss Merriman's contribution to the well-favored "Siete Canciones Populares Españolas" of Falla is a refinement of vocalization sometimes excessive for "El Paño Moruno" or the "Seguidilla Murciana," but her recreation of "Asturiana" is superb in mood and the spinning of a sustained vocal line. Similarly, the whole of Mompou's rarefied "Combat del Somni" is recreated with a fine blending of text and music, in which Moore's flexible piano-playing has a typically excellent part. Not a little of the distinction in this undertaking is contributed by an ideally informative text prepared by Walter Starkie, the celebrated English authority on "La Gitana." For the best results, the volume level should be turned higher than customary, as the voice sounds a little distant from the microphone otherwise.

The Philadelphia-"Camden" Line

STRAUSS: *"Don Quixote," Warwick Symphony.* Camden CAL-202, $1.98. *"Ein Heldenleben." The same.* Camden CAL-194, $1.98.

WHEN THE idea of a reprint "Modern Library" series for records in the

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manner of the famous book series was first propagandized in *SR*, it never occurred to me it would turn out so well on the one hand, as with most of these "Camden" re-issues, or with so many nuances peculiar to the record business as anonymous performers and orchestras. Perhaps one should concentrate on the excellent values in both these Philadelphia Orchestra re-issues and take other factors in stride.

However, it takes a big stride to step over the prostrate form of the superb cellist in this "Don Quixote" who is, as any person moderately interested in records knows, the late Emanuel Feuermann. It seems a major injustice to his reputation and the esteem in which he is still held by many (though he died in 1942) that this is not an LCT ("Collector's Issue") item in which he would be properly identified. Even an "explanation" about the appearance concurrently on the RCA label of a contemporary version by Piatigorsky and the Boston Symphony does not convince. If the result is an uncommon bargain for the connoisseur and the layman alike, it is one bought at a rather dear price.

However, there can be nothing but approval for the "Heldenleben," in which Eugene Ormandy shows the early formulation of the stunning conception he recently provided, in more mature form, on Columbia ML-4887. As far as orchestral quality is concerned, it is a gratifying sample of the Philadelphia Orchestra of the late 1930s, and full of recording felicities in the style then favored. Not 20-20,000 hi-fi, of course, but a superb sound nevertheless.

Marian Anderson—"dramatically imposing."

Verdi, Non Veritas

THE appearance of two full-length performances of Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" and another double-sided disc of excerpts from the Metropolitan Opera production in which Marian Anderson made her debut in that theatre would suggest that as much as need be had been said on the subject. However, the issued form of the Toscanini broadcasts of January 1944 (RCA Victor LM-6112, $11.94) is all too similar to that uneven enterprise, and the Cetra-Capitol offering, though compressed onto two LPs (Cetra B-1249, $4.98) is full of vocal infelicities by Tagliavini, not to mention shortcomings of other sorts.

In terms of what RCA has done with other operas of similar origin to amend their limitations of sound, this "Masked Ball" is unpleasantly dry and lacking in resonance. Certainly the fact that it was done in Carnegie Hall is belied by the results. One need seek no further than RCA's own studio-made product for the kind of quality desirable: Cetra's is quite as good and in some details superior.

The willingness to put up with imperfections in other operas of the Toscanini broadcast series ("Otello," "Boheme," "Falstaff," "Fidelio," etc.) was conditioned by the exceptional qualities of the recreative art involved. Such is not the case with "Masked Ball," whose limitations as an opera are all too evident after three-plus hearings in the current survey. Even Toscanini's abundant energy cannot do much to animate the stodgy ensemble-writing and rather mechanical recitatives. Where the orchestra bursts into dramatic flame or the voices ride on a tide of melodic eloquence he is the master hand as always; but there is too much of the other order of thing to sustain the interest.

As was clear at the time of the broadcast, Jan Peerce (who was not even in the picture until Jussi Bjoerling withdrew) is decidedly the best vocalist as well as the most eloquent artist of those involved. Herva Nelli has her moments of effective expression, but not the ease in florid singing or the driving force in the climaxes to make a full-scale Amelia. As for Robert Merrill, who pushes his voice from first to last; Claramae Turner, whose range is short for Ulrica; or Virginia Haskins, a light voice for Oscar, they are hardly sizable enough to give life to Verdi's characters. I suppose a mottled "Masked Ball" is better than no addition to the list of operas led by Toscanini, but that is hardly what one expected of such an enterprise in 1944.

Aside from some impassioned vocalization by the American-born Mary Curtis Verna (who has not yet learned to make the most of her imposing equipment), the version led by Angelo Questa for Cetra is notable mostly for its engineering. This Tagliavini is a dim suggestion of the tenor who seemed so promising at the war's end, and Tassinari cannot be made into a mezzo simply by calling her one. Ulrica, especially, is a part for firm low tones, and Tassinari's are authentic neither in weight nor color. For that matter, Giuseppe Valdengo, as Renato, is hardly the vocalist we used to hear at City Center and the Met. If this recording is dependable evidence, his sound has coarsened, and the instincts, as ministered to by Questa, have not refined. The Oscar is a modest-sounding person named Maria Erato, who is hardly superior to her surroundings.

By no coincidence at all, the Mitropoulos-led collection of excerpts (RCA LM-3008, $3.98) is dominated vocally by the same Peerce heard in the Toscanini set, with Warren also upholding his end well (though "Alla vita che t'arride" suffers a transposition). Miss Anderson musters her present powers for a dramatically imposing "Re dell'abisso," but its vocal detail shows the strain of the occasion, even as it did in the theatre. The Amelia is, of course, Zinka Milanov, singing her pianissimos beautifully—sometimes in places that would have surprised the composer—and buzzing the ear elsewhere with some wayward phrasings as well as wobbly tone. The collection (which embraces, beyond the sections mentioned, the overture, Amelia's "Ma dall'arrido," the love duet of Act II, "Morrò, ma prima in grazia," "Eri tu," and "Ma se m'è forza perderti") concludes with "Saper vorreste," admirably sung by Roberta Peters.

As conductor, Mitropoulos provides plentiful vigor and a good deal of rhythmic incisiveness, though the sound he likes is deficient in the sensuous outline, the melodic flexibility wanted in Verdi. Oddly, too, with the incisive rhythm goes an indulgence of some vocal mannerisms which are barely tolerable in the theatre, and sometimes silly in this recording. Victor's excellent technicians have taken it all down faithfully, but theirs, after all, is not to reason why. (If any doubt remains, I am not enthusiastic about any of these.) —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 2. Solomon, piano, with orchestra conducted by André Cluytens. Mozart: Concerto No. 15, K. 450. Same, with Otto Ackermann conducting. LHMV 12, $4.98.	The early Beethoven concerto (it actually antedates No. 1) is a special fancy of Solomon, and he plays it with lithe strength and a graceful expressiveness. Cluytens hardly gives him what he merits in support, however. I would still consider the Backhaus-Krauss version on a ten-inch London disc superior, as Solomon does not play the overside Mozart with as much character. Though, in truth, there is no better version available just now.
Brahms: Symphony No. 2. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC-3098, $3.98.	Sturdy Brahms, a little phlegmatic in the first and third movements. It comes to a fine climax in movement four, though by then it is almost too late to save a performance rather deficient in lyric feeling. Fully formed sound, especially rich in the horns.
Franck: Symphony in D minor. Guido Cantelli conducting the NBC Symphony. RCA Victor LM-1852, $3.98.	For those whose preference in Franck tends to compact statement, clean orchestral articulation, and a minimum of dramatic flourishes, Cantelli provides these qualities in sober measure. The sound, as reproduced, is dry and without the resonance of several other current recordings.
Handel: "Water Music." Boyd Neel and his orchestra. London LL-1128, $3.98.	Neel provides a fine-sounding alternative to the recent, also "complete" issue of this superb suite by the Hewitt orchestra on the HS label. My personal preference remains with the French players for the detail and finesse of the wind instrument playing, but Neel has done his work well.
Paderewski: "Fantaisie Polonaise." Felicja Blumental, piano, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anatole Fistoulari. London LL-1104, $3.98.	Paderewski's melodious, well-made, though hardly adventurous work is beautifully played by Blumental, supporting previous impressions of her artistry. However, she is happier in this reminiscence of her homeland (she is Polish by birth) than in the overside "Concerto in Brazilian Forms," by Hekel Tavares of her adopted country. It is rather fussily ornate in its writing for the solo instrument and not distinguished in its musical content. Fistoulari and the orchestra collaborate to Mme. Blumental's advantages, the recording also being highly satisfactory.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2. Leonard Pennario, piano, with the St. Louis Symphony conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. Capitol LP 8302, $4.98.	Swift-moving execution, by the strong fingered Pennario, of a rather small-scaled conception of this music, which hardly provides the mass of sonority or the kind of flowing expressiveness desired. The engineering is excellent, especially in respect to balance, but it doesn't make up for the lack of Rachmaninoff feeling in the performance.
Ravel: Concerto. Leonard Bernstein as piano soloist and conductor. Camden CAL-214, $1.98.	There have been few better versions of the Ravel at any time, and since the English recording was first-class when made—approximately 1947—this is highly desirable merchandise. The disc also shows the versatile Leonard in two other aspects of his musicality: as interpreter of Copland's striking piano sonata, and as composer-pianist in his own "Seven Anniversaries" . . . now, I would say, a little slight by the side of later creations. Very good sound in all.
Ravel: "Tzigane." Chausson: "Poème." Lalo: "Symphonie Espagnole." Arthur Grumiaux violin with Jean Fournet conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. Epic LC-3082, $3.98.	Grumiaux's feeling for, and understanding of, Ravel's far from transparent work are even more apparent in this version with orchestra than they were in a previous issue (Boston Records) with piano. However, he does not provide much that is distinctive in versions of the Chausson and Lalo works which are smoothly played, but without any strongly personal poetry. Good sound.
Saint-Saëns: "Carnival of the Animals." Geza Anda and Bela Siki, pianists; Igor Markevitch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Britten: "Young Persons Guide to the Orchestra." Markevitch conducting, Peter Pears narrator. Angel 35135, $4.98.	Two able accomplishments by Markevitch, who manages very creditably with the Saint-Saëns as do the more than qualified pianists. I would, for purposes of general recommendation, prefer another coupling than Britten's tonal lecture, especially as it is punctuated by Pears's Reading of a script that is apt to dull with repetition. If the audience is a youthful one, the pairing can be recommended. First-class reproduction.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 2. Leopold Stokowski conducting members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-1854, $3.98.	Big proclamative style of performance, plus some dubious ritards and overstressed dynamics. It also sounds as though some post-performance doctoring of sonorities was introduced, which tends to make the whole too mechanized for my taste.
Suppe: "Light Cavalry" and "Beautiful Galathea" overtures. Franz André conducting the orchestra of the Belgian radio. Telefunken TM-68018, $4.98.	As those versed in the lore of the phonograph are aware, Telefunken is identified with some of the notable recordings of the 1930s, a phrase which may be applied to the 1950s if issues of this quality accumulate. André directs the work of his half countryman (Suppé was Dalmatian-born of Belgian ancestry) with taste and vigor, also a strong sense of the orchestra values involved.
Turina: "La Oración del Terero," etc. Zarzuela Orchestra of Madrid conducted by Federico Torroba. Decca 9763, $4.98.	Torroba's direction of this lengthiest and best known work in the miscellany is not outstanding, nor is the recording up to current expectations. However, he gives excellent service to his own "Madrilenas" as well as sundry works of Larregla, Breton, Chueca-Valverde, etc. The emphasis throughout is on entertainment, of most appeal to those with a taste for the *zarzuela* literature.
Wagner: "Tristan" (Prelude and Liebestod), "Götterdämmerung" (Rhine Journey and Funeral Music). Carl Schuricht conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. London LL-1704, $3.98.	Carefully planned, well-phrased performances which, however, lack the propulsive force or the dramatic impact to measure against those of Toscanini or Furtwängler. In addition, the French brass sound is light for Wagner, especially when reproduced as acutely as it is here. (It will not be long before orchestras will be type-cast for music as well as conductors.)
Walton: "Portsmouth Point" and "Scapino" overtures, "Wise Virgins" suite. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL-1165, $3.98.	Well-sounding, rather four-square performance of a repertory that would profit from more flexibility than Boult imparts to it. Litschauer's direction of the Bach-based "Wise Virgins" (on Vanguard) is more sympathetic, if the engineering here is a shade more expert.
Vivaldi: Concerti in A minor (bassoon), F (flute), D minor (oboe), etc. New Chamber Orchestra of Paris, André Jouve conducting. Westminster WL-5341, $5.95.	So far as aural judgment is dependable, none of these is familiar from previous recordings, though all are typical of the composer at his best. Jouve's direction is consistently alert and energetic, though the ensemble is sometimes heavy for the material. Of the unidentified soloists, the flutist is particularly adept, with a broad sound admirably suited to the work. Razor-sharp sound, sometimes a trifle cutting. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Fi. vs. Fat.

Continued from page 42

work was performed, naturally in its entirety and with the knowledge that as it was played it was destined "to be or not to be." And whatever interruptions were necessary for longer units were physical breaks and did not cause a Rachmaninoff, for example, to lose his unerring sense of relationship and design.

COMPLETE artists are rare in any age, and it is just possible that in the arts mass production by its very nature is incompatible with uniformly superlative results. A work of art, a superb performance, is an individual case. It is unique; the sheer number of recording artists needed to fulfill the repertory demand and the sheer amount of music consumed by an LP disc would be quite sufficient cause for a ruthless artistic decline. And I am now referring to the rarity today of just normal artistic qualities,—of the ability to play a melodic line expressively, to lend charm and grace to dance movements, to play passages with articulation and any four confounded bars in the same tempo. Perish the thought that one should inject any such transcendent note that the unity of a work of art is a glimpse of immortality.

When faced with the problem of communication, whether on the platform or on discs, a real artist always demands the most of himself. In addition, when it comes to recording, no artist of integrity can free himself from the inhibiting realization that performances on records can be preserved more or less permanently, and potentially can be the basis for the judgment of posterity. It is also a fact that the many versions of the same standard works issued today indicate how much the interest of most listeners will be focussed on the interpretation of the music rather than the music itself. A great artist will not want to utilize protective devices for achieving flawless accuracy at the expense of structural continuity and propulsive drive. What we hear in the best recordings old or new are the ideals of variety within unity, technique at the service of expressive conception, and the individuality of the artist. The difficulty of achieving these ideals is so tremendous that we are lucky to have a few such examples, not alone so many. And those examples have nothing whatsoever to do with terms such as LP or 78-rpm or hi-fi or acoustic recording. They stem from musical genius, from the inexorable devotion and integrity.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Canteloube: "Chants de la France." Lucie Daulliene, soprano, with Joseph Canteloube, piano. Oiseau Lyre OL-50047, $4.98.	By other standards than the memorable ones of "Chants d'Auvergne" these are engaging folk songs (from Savoy, Picardy, Gascony, Brittany, etc.). However, Mme. Daulliene has a babyish-sounding soprano, and her art is hardly of the sort to hold the attention. Canteloube's touch is evident in some of the harmonic colorations, and he plays his accompaniments well. Good sound.
Debussy: Twelve Etudes. Hans Henkemans, piano. Epic LC-3104, $3.98.	Like Monique Haas and Charles Rosen, the previous LP performers of these pieces, Henkemans is a performer notable more for well-disciplined fingers than for the capacity to search out the poetic essence in these works. Epic-type piano, which is to say, clear and ringing.
Granados: "Danzas Españolas." Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Decca DL-9762, $4.98.	In addition to the famous No. 5 and its almost equally celebrated successor, there is music of fantasy and charm in all of these dances. Mme. de Larrocha plays them with fluency and in excellent style, utilizing a text (unpublished) left by the composer. I cannot testify to differences from the usual versions, but the results are thoroughly enjoyable. Effective piano reproduction.
Grieg: Ballade, op. 24, Berceuse, Papillon, etc. Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM-1872, $3.98.	Rubinstein's lavish color range, his dynamic artillery, are held in reasonable restraint in these artfully colored performances. However, I am always aware of an unreleased tension straining at the outlines of the smaller pieces.
Handel: Trio sonata (Adagio only), Bach: Trio sonata (Adagio), etc. Blanche, Louis, and Marcel Moyse. Marcel Moyse Records. M-101, $5.95.	As has been well-known for years and years, Marcel Moyse is one of the greatest instrumentalists of our time, and a flutist second to none. This incredible mélange—ranging from a solo out of Massenet's "Sapho" to a piece of Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" and including oddments from Burneau, Reichert, and Tulou—is suitable, really, only for flutists. The Handel and Bach extracts are superbly played, but the recording is sub-professional in its studio surroundings, the subordination of the accompanying piano.
Haydn: Quartets in G and D minor (opus 76, Nos. 1 and 2.) Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL-5342, $5.95.	First violinist Anton Kamper is not always the meticulous workman wanted as head of a quartet in these works, but the musical style and excellent sound of the ensemble are gratifying to those attached to the music of Haydn. The pairing duplicates previous issues by the Budapest and Schneider quartets: its superiority would be largely related to the excellent technic of the reproduction.
Lecuona: "Andalucia," etc. Pablo Flores, piano. MGM E-199, $2.98.	For those who still lack acceptable versions of "Andalucia," "Malaguena," "Siboney," and the other favorites of Lecuona's repertory, Flores provides a characteristic rhythmic sense and ample lyric feeling. However, whether it is the fault of the instrument used in this recording or a limitation of the performer's style, the piano tone is decidedly hard and without much artistic variation in tone color.
Mendelssohn: "Rondo Capriccioso," "Variations Sérieuses," etc. Reine Gianoli, piano. Westminster WL-5329, $5.95.	All the delicacy and lightness wanted for Mendelssohn's presto writing are not at Gianoli's disposal, but she plays the lyric kind very sympathetically and with a nice discrimination between over and under statement. Some of the smaller pieces on side two are a useful contribution to a broader knowledge of Mendelssohn's musical personality. Resonant sound, occasionally too percussive.
Mozart: Serenades in E flat (K. 375) and C minor (K. 388). Arthur Winograd conducting a wind ensemble. MGM E-3159, $3.98.	Though Winograd had some esteem as a cellist in the Juilliard Quartet, his intrusion into an ensemble which includes such musicians as Arthur and Harry Berv (horns), Augustin Duques (clarinet), Benjamin Kohon (bassoon) does not add to the amount of Mozartian feeling conveyed by the musicians. Altogether too much "phrasing" for music (K. 375) which can make its appeal without exterior manipulation. Though the second side work is described on the liner and its annotation as in "C major," it is the same C minor paired with the E flat in three other issues. The sprightly performance is not nearly so mannered as the E flat, and excellently played by the two oboists (Albert and Doris Goltzer) in particular. Close up recording, a little dead in sound.
Nielsen: Quartet No. 4 in F minor. London LL-1199, $3.98.	A somewhat backward step in the recent upsurge of regard for Nielsen in this country, this work is dryer, less interesting than expected. It is artfully written for the strings, but of limited interest otherwise. I cannot find much to enthuse about in the overside work of Vagn Holmboe, a Danish compatriot of Nielsen now forty-six. Both works are energetically performed, though the tonal production of the Koppel ensemble is thin.
Puccini-Verdi: Opera Excerpts. Hilde Gueden, soprano, with Alberto Erede conducting the Santa Cecilia Orchestra. London LD-9165, $2.98.	Beautiful vocalization by Gueden of two arias from "Turandot" and "O mio babbino caro spaced by the arietta of Nanetta Ford from Act III of "Falstaff" and "Ah! fors è lui." The last of these is a shade deliberate, almost cautious in delivery, but remarkably pure in sound. The sound, incidentally, is of special interest: either London has taken to using an echo chamber, or else it has found an uncommonly resonant hall in Rome. (The latter probability is closer to fact.)
Parente: "Pulecenella," etc. Fernando Corena, bass-baritone, with orchestra conducted by Ernesto Nicelli. London LD-9164, $2.98.	Those who are attracted to this disc by the promising name of the favorite buffo will find him here dispensing sentimental Italian songs in a dry, rather quavery voice. The accompaniments are all they should be.
Schubert: "An die Leier," "Der Atlas," "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," etc. Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. London LL-1148, $3.98.	As the listing indicates, Souzay is here concerned with some of the biggest songs in the Schubert repertory (as well as such others as "Ständchen," "Du bist die Ruh," and "Hark Hark the Lark"). The sound is consistently good, if more than a little tenorish in quality. Indeed, he sounds very much at his best throughout, without really getting inside the material—which, after all, is a primary requisite in Schubert. Dalton Baldwin is a very able partner at the piano.
Weber: "Pieces," op. 3, and op. 60. Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo-pianists. Columbia ML-4968, $3.98.	Crisp, well-phrased articulation by the performers of works which can use all the performing arts they can bring to them. Those who are interested will find the generative elements of Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphosis" on a Weber theme in the op. 60 set. Very good reproduction. —I. K.

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Subscription TV

Continued from page 41

by the FCC; but the principle is decidedly similar.

There are, of course, any number of technical problems involved, most of them beyond the scope of such a resume as this. They include such questions as the propriety of a pay-as-you-see system in non-metropolitan areas where only two channels are available. This would mean that a viewer either paid or took what was left, or in some cases, had nothing. (The FCC could, if need be, restrict Subscription TV to areas with a wider latitude of choice.)

A QUESTION has also been raised relative to the monopolistic possibilities inherent in the use of whatever system of Subscription TV is eventually approved. That is to say, since a home user's decoding apparatus will only receive one scrambled signal, who decides what he is offered? The answering contention is simple: Phonevision, for example, leases its facilities to an interested station. The latter arranges the programming of films, ball games, etc., independently; more ambitious efforts will be arranged at a central point and distributed by a network arrangement much as at present. If the FCC decides the UHF band is more suitable, it would permit the establishment of competitive pay-as-you-see systems, since channels there are more numerous. The FCC also has the tricky problem of determining how much of a station's time may be used for fee-TV, how much must be used for free.

By any reckoning, these are what in the UN would be called procedural matters. What the FCC is now concerned with is a determination of policy. Namely, whose money talks? Is free enterprise still free, or is it free only until it encounters an entrenched interest? Are the isolated quarters of the American public, ready to be put to work, less potent than the dollars on deposit at the networks?

Is untested intention to be measured against, and discredited, on the basis of demonstrated performance? The conception of America as a nation of free-loaders, eager to lap up what is offered to it without charge, loathe to pay for what it wants, indifferent to quality as long as it has quantity, doesn't ring true.

At the least, those who believe otherwise are entitled to their Constitutional privilege to be proven wrong.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL SENN

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Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMERS, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Angel in the Absinthe House: Songs in the Indoor Manner by La Vergne. Cook/ Sounds of Our Times LP-1081, $4.	La Vergne, whose last name is Smith, is thirty years old and was born in New Orleans. Her singing, as is demonstrated in the eleven standards included here, is a somewhat monotonous combination of Nellie Lutcher, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughn, and Mel Tormé, and is breathed directly into the inner ear. Recorded at the Old Absinthe House.
Svend Asmussen and His Unmelancholy Danes. Angel LP-60000, $2.98.	The first LP in Angel's projected coverage of the international jazz scene features eight startling standards by the accomplished Danish fiddler in company with a vibraphonist, a clarinettist, and a rhythm section with two guitars. The whole ensemble sings in English on seven of the tunes in a kind of updated and expanded Rhythm Boys fashion, and in between there are some good, starchy late-swing solos.
Blowout at Mardi Gras: With Freddie Kohlman's Band, and featuring Sid Davilla. Cook/ Sounds of Our Times LP-1084, $5.95.	Seven selections by an ear-bulging seven-man swing outfit led by drummer Freddie Kohlman, and spotting the enthusiastic clarinet work of Sid Davilla, proprietor of the New Orleans nightclub where the recording was made. Red Camp, Mr. Cook's pianistic protege from the Union of Texas, stilts his way through three numbers. Most of the material is taken at gazelle tempos and is relentlessly dull.
Clambake on Bourbon St.: With Tony Almerico's Parisian Room Band. Cook/ Sounds of Our Times LP-1085, $4.	Another foray by Mr. Cook into a Bourbon St. pump room, in which eight dixieland standards are rather haphazardly perforated by an eight-man band, with the leader on trumpet. The ubiquitous Red Camp is on hand again, and on two numbers Sam DeKemel tootles away in a loud and uncertain manner on his Army bugle.
Dixieland Comes to Carnegie Hall: With Stan Rubin and His Tigertown Five. Victor LPM-3277, $2.98.	Part of a Carnegie Hall concert given one night last fall by three college dixieland bands. Here, Mr. Rubin and six Princetonians boom their way through the usual fare with thousands of rimshots and some hair-raising tempos. It is all Wheaties and all very ragged, the band being urged onwards volcanically by what sounds like the entire student body of Princeton.
East Coast-West Coast Scene: With the Bands of Shorty Rogers and Al Cohn. Victor LJM-1020, $3.98.	An attempt to show the differences, through the use of two eleven-piece groups using identical instrumentations, between the East and West Coast schools of jazz. Since there isn't any really identifiable East Coast school, the results amount to an ample serving of similar furbished, modern small-band jazz, with Rogers and his boys (Enevoldson, Guiffre, Manne, Shank, etc.) sounding more relaxed than usual and a lot more compact than Al Cohn and his boys (J. Newman, Hinton, O. Johnson, B. Bauer, etc.) Six originals arranged and written by the two leaders.
Stan Getz at the Shrine. Two LPs boxed. Norgran Mg N-2000. $10.	A superior example of warm modern jazz recorded at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles on the last night of the recent Brubeck-Ellington-Mulligan-Getz tour. Getz is accompanied by Bob Brookmeyer, Johnny Williams, Bill Anthony, Art Mardigan, and Frank Isola. Especially attractive are the solos and interlinear weavings of the horns on the last four or five selections, two of which were recorded in a studio the following night to fill out the set.
Virgil Gonsalves Sextet. Nocturne NLP-8. $3.	A first LP by Gonsalves, a young West Coast baritone saxophonist, who is abetted by Buddy Wise, Lou Levy, Bob Enevoldson, Larry Bunker, and Harry Babasin. The settings are simple with plenty of solos, fortunately, for all concerned. Gonsalves is not yet a Mulligan, Guiffre, or Bob Gordon, but he plays with a continual warmth that marks a surprising and pleasant acquaintance with the works of Harry Carney.
Urbie Green, East Coast Jazz Series No. 6. Bethlehem BCP-14. $4.85.	A first-rate LP, which gives, for the first time, extended space on his own terms to Urbie Green, who is in the tradition of Jack Jenney, Benny Morton, and even Jimmy Harrison, and is one of the most comfortable and skilled of the young trombonists around today. Green, who is steadily persuasive throughout the six standards and four originals, is accompanied by Doug Mettone, Al Cohn, Danny Bank, Jimmy Lyons, Oscar Pettiford, Jimmy Campbell, and Osie Johnson. Cohn plays bass clarinet on three tunes, handling this bosomiest of all instruments with great ease.
Handyland, U.S.A. Label "X" LXA-1004. $3.98.	Recorded at an all-night session held at Webster Hall in New York last August, this features twelve Handy-written and Handy-arranged originals, which, while advanced, are alive and intelligent. With Handy on piano are Ernie Royal, D. Schildkraut, Allan Eager, Danny Bank, Kai Winding, Vinnie Burke, and Art Mardigan, all of whom were blowing that night with brains and hearts in perfect accord. An excellent record.
Milt Hinton. East Coast Jazz Series No. 5. Bethlehem BCP-1020. $4.85.	Hinton is considered by many to be *nonpareil* among jazz bass players and that may well be so. He is accompanied here by Tony Scott, Dick Katz, and Osie Johnson. The result is a superb display of drawing-room jazz, helped at every turn by Scott's clarinet and bass clarinet, Katz's springy piano, and Johnson's whispering drums. All in all, a great jazz record.
Italian Jazz Stars. Angel LP-60001. $2.98.	Six different modern Italian jazz groups in a program of three standards and five originals. There are suggestions from every corner of the room here of Tristano, Bauer, Getz, Shearing, Konitz, etc., but there is also individualistic vitality and invention, particularly in the work of Gianni Basso, who is, according to John Wilson's model notes, Italy's leading tenor saxophonist.
Lullabies in Rhythm: With the Barbara Carroll Trio. Victor LJM-1023. $3.98.	Miss Carroll's second LP for Victor is even better than her first, which was considerably above the current work of any other female jazz pianist, excepting Mary Lou Williams, as well as that of most male pianists. With Joe Shulman and Ralph Pollack, she plays twelve standards, singing on two in a way that would make Fred Astaire green. Meanwhile she proves that her taut, angular, and crisp piano is entirely her own.
Marian McPartland at the Hickory House. Capitol T-574, $3.98.	A sluggish and disappointing display from Miss McPartland, who in her first solo piano records made several years ago played with a promising sparkle. Bill Crow is on bass and Joe Morello on drums. Morello gives the LP its life, demonstrating again why he may be the best drummer to come along since the death of Big Sid Catlett in 1951. Harp and cello are added, without much effect, on four of the twelve standards. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 29

—Ballet Theatre's traditional excellence in ensemble was upheld by the fine corps that participated in "Sylphides" and in the superb group of younger performers who danced the less-prominent but emphatically important roles in "Pillar of Fire." Uncommonly good-looking as well as soundly trained, they suggested a nuclear element which may well contribute leading performers before too long.

* * *

For his season-ending observances with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos chose a partnership of Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony preceded by the premiere of Jan Meyerowitz's "The Glory Around His Head." The latter is described by the composer as a "Cantata of the Resurrection," and it employs a text by Langston Hughes. The Westminster Choir performed in it, as in the Beethoven, with Paul Smith as bass soloist.

The Meyerowitz score is eminently professional, it has an ample assortment of dramatic effects (some of them dating back, in association with the text employed, to pre-Bach), and more than a little command of tonal imagery. On the whole, however, it impressed me as the kind of music to which one responds with more admiration than enthusiasm; though, in fact, the audience responded to it with marked enthusiasm. What was lacking, perhaps, was a musical style suggestive of a manner personal to Meyerowitz: the one heard was an amalgam of many different elements, but with no distinctive profile.

The Mitropoulos version of the Beethoven Ninth was, on the whole, more successful than his "Missa Solemnis" of last year, which is to say that it was routine rather than disorderly. As on the earlier occasion, however, it struck me that Mitropoulos was conducting top and bottom lines with too little concern for the binding middle. The first movement was reasonably well controlled, though small in dynamic scale; the scherzo spoiled by an inordinately fast pace for the trio, the slow movement lacking in melodic continuity. The solo quartet in the tonally strident finale included Frances Yeend, Martha Lipton, David Lloyd, and Mack Harrell. My diagnosis may be wrong, but it does not strike me that Mitropoulos's command of such sizable works is strengthened by his habit of conducting without printed score. —Irving Kolodin.

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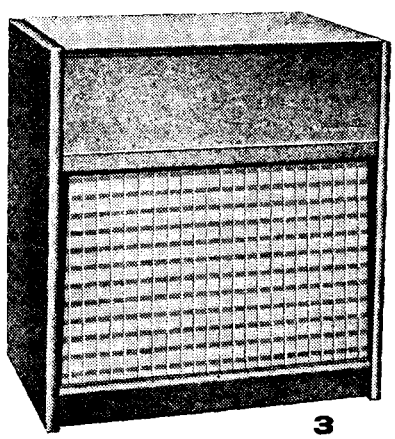

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On "Translating" Bach

By PUTNAM ALDRICH

TASTES in Bach differ and so do opinions, but there is one quality of musical performance about which it seems possible to arrive at some degree of unanimity. Most people whose interest in the subject is anything more than purely scientific or intellectual will agree that music performed without expression is dull, monotonous, and unsatisfying. This was as true at the time of Bach as it is today. Whatever other factors may enter into the performance, then, expression must be regarded as a *sine qua non*.

But let us consider for a moment just what is commonly meant by "expression." The piano teacher who tells her pupils to "learn the notes first and put in the expression later" may not be offering very sound pedagogical advice, but she is at least aware of a distinction between playing the right notes in the right time and playing "with expression." What she means by expression is what most of us mean; namely, the dynamics—the loudenings and softenings that stir the feelings of the listener and are implied in the very name "pianoforte." They embrace all kinds of crescendi, diminuendi, and sforzandi, as well as tonal shadings and the recurring accents that (often) beat out the underlying pulse. This is not quite the whole story. Teachers of stringed instruments and voice would doubtless include as part of expression the vibrant quality of an individual sustained tone; they would describe a tone completely devoid of vibrato as "cold" and "inexpressive."

Now, incredible as it may seem, musicians of the Baroque period did not regard either dynamic nuances or vibrato as essential to musical expression. Their keyboard instruments —harpischord and organ—were not capable of producing them; nor were these effects cultivated to any great extent by other instrumentalists or singers. Which, in part, accounts for the fact that the scores of the period are almost entirely lacking in so-called "expression marks." This does not mean, however, that their music was performed without expression, but only that a different *kind* of expression was prized and cultivated. To the eighteenth-century musician "expression" meant first of all the projection of musical patterns in such a way that they came alive rhythmically and evoked in the listener the emotions or states of mind that were assumed to be inherent in them. This was accomplished by manipulating the duration of successive tones so that their grouping and emphasis (temporal, not dynamic) brought out the profile and specific character of each motive and phrase. Another ingredient of expressive playing or singing was ornamentation, which corresponded, in a way, to the present-day vibrato, in that it broke up the monotony of long-sustained notes. Since ornamentation was to a large extent improvised, it contributed also to the personal and individual expression of each performance.

The modern musician, then, to achieve an acceptable performance of Bach's music, must either: 1) attempt to reconstruct the original expression by studying and applying the performance practices of Bach's time, or 2) translate the expressive idiom of the eighteenth century into some modern equivalent, much as one would translate a poem from one language to another by using figurative approximations rather than following the exact words. The performer who uses a harpischord, recorder, lute, or other instrument whose expressive range, in the modern sense, is limited, is obligated to take the first course; otherwise he will inevitably misrepresent both the instrument and the music. When a transfer of medium is involved, on the other hand, the interpreter is committed in advance to the second alternative unless he would utterly renounce the characteristic qualities of his own instrument, which in most cases seems unadvisable. With these things in mind, it should not be too difficult to reach a more or less objective evaluation of the various interpretations under discussion. (The qualification is necessary because the exact way in which a sensitive artist *makes use* of his expressive means must remain among the imponderables.)

Westminster's recording (WAL-220) of the "Art of Fugue," a work originally conceived in terms of a keyboard instrument (see *SR* July 31, 1954), is presented in a transcription for orchestra by Kurt Redell. This is obviously a case of "translation"—and a very good one it is, on the whole. Mr. Redell has constantly kept in mind the enormous importance of preserving the clarity and equality of the individual voices. His changes of instrumentation are carefully worked out in accordance with the structure of each fugue; at the same time, the variety thus obtained relieves the monotony of a rather formidable work that was primarily didactic in intention. With the exception of a few pieces, this presentation of the "Art of Fugue" is the most enjoyable to listen to of the versions hitherto recorded. The exceptions, paradoxically it may seem, occur precisely where the arranger has attempted to inject a note of authenticity—in the mirror fugues and the canons at the octave and fifth, which are played on the harpischord. This instrument sounds distinctly out of place, interrupting, as it does, the lush tones of the modern orchestra, and the playing (by unnamed harpischordists) is mechanical and extraordinarily dull. One could scarcely find a better illustration of the fallacy that an ancient instrument will automatically bring life to ancient music.

JAMES FRISKIN's "A Bach Recital" (Vanguard B.G.543/44/45) provides the answer to those who question whether Bach can be played satisfactorily on the piano. It contains old standbys such as the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," the "Italian Concerto," the C Minor Fantasy, four French Suites, and all the Two-Part Inventions, as well as two transcriptions and some lesser known works. Mr. Friskin does not try to make the piano sound like a harpsichord. He uses a full, cantabile tone, shades his phrases, puts in dynamic accents, and employs the sustaining pedal; in short, he draws upon all the tonal resources of his instrument. Yet these effects are never allowed to obscure the essential content of the music. On the contrary, they are subservient to it. His subtle shadings help to distinguish the individual strands of the contrapuntal texture; dynamic accents are used to mark the rhythms of the musical figures; the pedal colors the tones of singing melodies. In the Chorale Prelude, "O Mensch bewein dein Sünde," Mr. Friskin emphasizes the expressive nature of Bach's ornamentation. This album could well serve as a model for those who wish to play Bach on the piano.

In the album of Six French Suites played by Reine Gianoli (Westminster WAL-307) we see the other side of the picture. Here is a translator who not only is unfamiliar with the original language but appears not to have access to a good dictionary. Miss Gianoli uses a brittle, detached tone, perhaps under the mistaken impression that she is imitating a harp-

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sichord (many people, misled by the sharp initial attack of the harpsichord tone, have the erroneous idea that it always sounds *staccato,* whereas actually it will sustain as long as a piano tone of similar volume). The left hand is constantly subordinated to the right, as though all of Bach's lower voices were mere accompaniment. Signs for ornaments are consistently misinterpreted. In fact, the less said about this sort of Bach playing the better.

London's album of Sonatas and Partitas for Unaccompanied Violin (LLA-20), as played by Emil Telmanyi, is an experiment. Anyone who has heard the famous Chaconne (from the second Partita) knows that Bach's polyphonic writing for the violin presents great difficulties to the modern violinist in the form of three and four-note chords that cannot be performed as written. These are generally "faked," with much scraping and scratching and distortion of the rhythm, the results being applauded as a *tour de force* rather than for any truly musical reason.

As long ago as 1905 Albert Schweitzer, disturbed by the fact that Bach appeared to have "overstepped the bounds of artistic possibility," put forth the theory that with the old convex bow the hairs could probably be loosened with the thumb so that they would arch over the strings and sound all four simultaneously. Accordingly, various "Bach bows" have been constructed in the "bow-and-arrow" shape and fitted with thumb-substitute contraptions for loosening and tightening the hairs. One of these, the "Vega" Bach bow, is used by Mr. Telmanyi for the present recording. It must be admitted that it accomplishes its purpose. The four strings are played together with the greatest of ease; the Sonatas and Partitas sound as though they were performed by a soloist accompanied by a string quartet. The only reproach that can be leveled at the "Vega" is that it bears very little resemblance to *actual* eighteenth-century bows, which are by no means extinct and with which, however they may be manipulated, chords cannot be played in the manner described. Recent research by Sol Babitz and others has shown that Dr. Schweitzer was mistaken in his primary assumption, that Bach expected his solo violin music to sound as written. In reality, it appears that the chords were played neither simultaneously nor broken into two halves (as they are by most modern violinists) but were arpeggiated swiftly, one note after another. In other words, the polyphony was not executed literally but only suggested to the ear.

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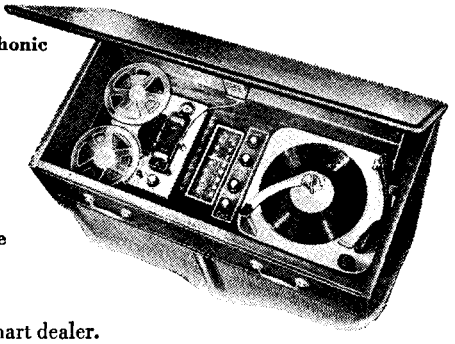

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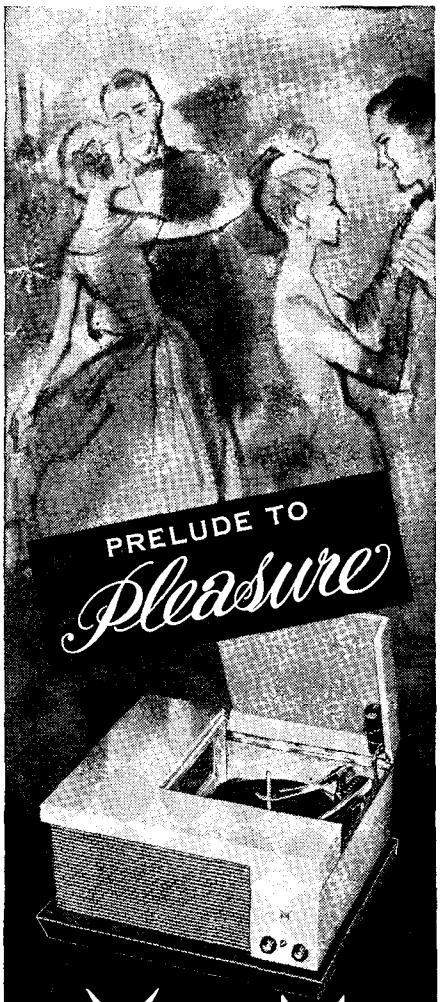

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FAREWELL TO THE BIRD

CHARLES CHRISTOPHER "YARDBIRD" PARKER, JR., who died last month in Manhattan, was generally regarded by professionals as the most influential figure in modern jazz. In Leonard Feather's "Inside Be-Bop" there is a touching photograph of the alto saxophonist as a child and the caption reads " 'I was six years old then,' says Charlie. 'I was a *clean* little bird; lots of things I didn't know . . . wish I'd never found them out'." Among the things which Parker discovered were, at various times, addictions to drugs and alcohol, and the pains of a system ravaged by several kinds of disease. But, beginning in the early Forties, he left a legacy of recorded music which is as remarkable for its blitheness, its grace—there really is something bird-like about the quickness and lift of Parker's invention—as it is for the eccentric complexity of its melodic lines. Here is another proof, if any were needed, that rich music proceeds from areas of the psyche which may seem to have little connection with the battered outward aspects of the musician. The musical heart of Charlie Parker is in his discs under the Dial and Savoy labels.

He could scarcely have a more fitting immediate memorial than a performance of his "Yardbird Suite" by the Gerry Mulligan Quartet (Pacific PJ-1201). This is part of a wholly entrancing LP which, to my mind, represents modern jazz at its best. For many months Mulligan felt his way cautiously, producing some of the most suavely balanced jazz chamber music we have, but he is now, with the same supple imagination, tearing right out in muscular style. The leader's baritone saxophone is joined by the vivid trumpet of Jon Eardley; Red Mitchell, string bass; and Chico Hamilton, drums. On the other side the Quartet becomes a Sextette with Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; and Larry Bunker, drums. The program includes originals by Mulligan and Sims, blues, piano passages by Mulligan and Brookmeyer. In the "Yardbird Suite" there is a pianissimo section, with the lightest hints from saxophone and trumpet against exquisite string bass and drum playing, which is surely one of the outstanding rhythmic episodes in recorded jazz. Mulligan has long believed in the clear virtues of a "thin" rhythm section (here, for example, there is neither piano nor guitar) and the principle pays off irresistibly in this opus.

Further items in the dulcet vein include a new LP by the Modern Jazz Quartet (Prestige PRLP-170). This is thoughtful jazz and, if it sometimes approaches pallor, it is more often wholly musical and delightful, with the silvery, bell-like timbre of Milt Jackson's vibraharp and the subtle interplay of John Lewis, pianist-arranger; Percy Heath, string bass; and Kenny Clark, drums. The program includes three originals by Lewis, one of them a romantic tribute to the late French guitarist Django Reinhardt. There is also highly refined work to be heard from three gentlemen of the Pacific coast: Shelly Manne, drums; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; and Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet and saxophones (Contemporary C2516). This weirdly constituted and inventive trio go at the matter of jazz in a number of ways. There is actually a twelve-tone composition—jazz *à la* Schoenberg—by Rogers (his first). There are polyphonic bits in which Manne's drums seem almost to become melodic instruments. There is an improvised "Autumn in New York." And, finally, there is "Abstract No. 1," a completely free im-

"Yardbird"—"a *clean* little bird."

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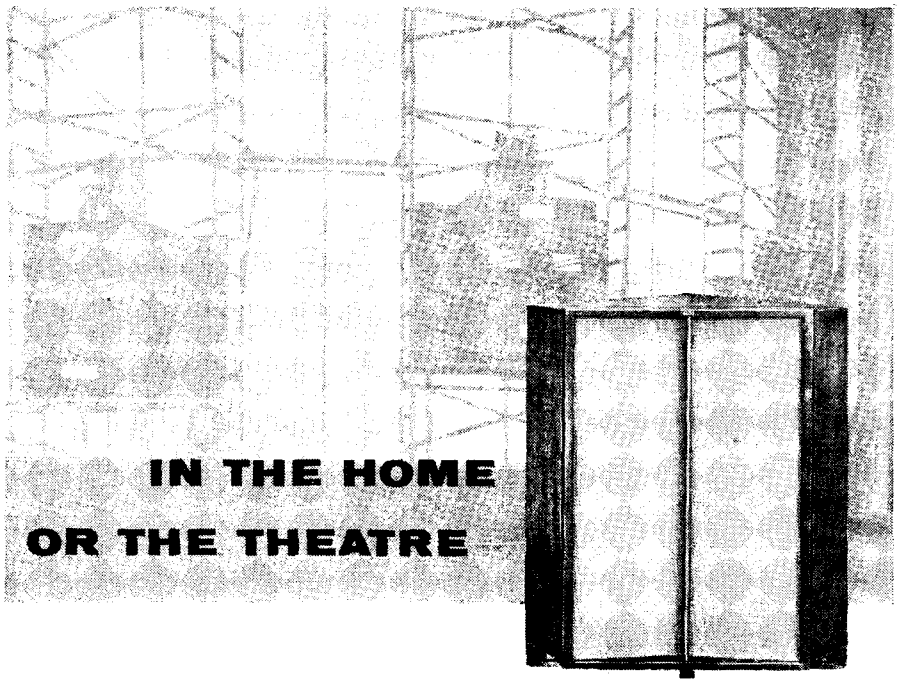
provisation—neither melody nor chord structure being given—after the manner of Lennie Tristano. It is all musicians' music, full of piquancy, beautifully played. Drummer Manne also appears this month in another of his strong programs with Russ Freeman, one of the most impelling of modern jazz pianists and the possessor of an unusual counter-melodic left hand (Contemporary C 2518).

Three widely divergent albums have appealed to me. The first is a handsome program of George Gershwin with Buddy DeFranco, clarinet, Oscar Peterson, piano, and a big string band (Norgran MGN-1016). The soloists are the great point here. I have frequently found DeFranco's jazz-band playing cold if brilliant, but as an expounder of Gershwin in moderate and slow tempi he has a reedy, summery warmth and his inventive qualities show to glowing advantage. His rapport with Peterson is splendid; Oscar is a singing as well as a swinging pianist. The tunes include several from "Porgy and Bess" and such other classics as "The Man I Love" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me."

The French singing of Geneviève captivates me from the moment she darts into the breathless rhythms of "Paris Canaille" (*zut alors!*). Most of her songs were composed by her sometime accompanist on the guitar, Luc Poret, and they are frequently melancholy or amorous or both. The only American reference is to a lover who runs the roller coaster at Coney Island. That sort of thing (Columbia CL-633). I have given deep study to my vulnerability to French café singers. I think the gist of the matter is that, while they are almost exclusively concerned with sex, they do not, like so many American canaries, seem bent on proving to you that they are female. The French girls seem to feel that a man may enjoy making that discovery for himself.

In this space I once pleaded with Decca to re-issue in LP form the lovely performances by Frank Luther and Zorah Layman of "Songs of the North and South in the War Between the States." Such is the cogency of my journalism that now, several years later, Decca has obliged (Decca DL-8093). I will merely suggest, as I did previously, that these thirty-six numbers contain any amount of musical and historical poignancy, are sung with simple and eloquent artistry (no schmaltzing, no cuteness), and I will add that, Blue as I may be, I feel the Grey wins the musical contest hands down. Even the surging "Battle Hymn of the Republic" cannot undo the spell of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Rose of Alabama." —WILDER HOBSON.



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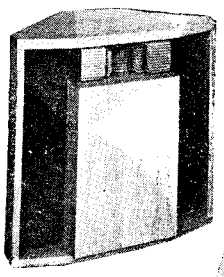

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Kenton: Artistry in Limbo

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

CAPITOL RECORDS has recently borne, with alarums and excursions, a new Stan Kenton album. Called, presumptuously, "The Kenton Era," the album is priced at $24.95, and is designed, through text, spoken words, photographs, and recordings, as a biography of Kenton's career as a bandleader. The text, which is contained in a forty-page brochure written by a West Coast free-lance writer named Bud Freeman (not to be confused with the tenor saxophonist), includes a eulogistic biography tinged with the chromed verbiage one finds in the work of columnists like Jimmy Cannon and Murray Kempton; seventy-two photographs of Kenton, his various bands, and their sidemen; and recording data for the accompanying records. These consist, on four twelve-inch LP's, of forty-seven representative selections recorded between 1940 and 1953 from air checks, in studios, at concerts, and rehearsals. None of them has been released before. The music is packed between a solemn twelve-minute impressionistic history of the band's career spoken by Kenton, and a short epilogue in which Kenton assesses his present and future. The album has been handsomely produced, and, as a documentary of the most creative years of a curious figure and his music, is on the whole, comprehensive and intelligent.

Kenton got started officially as a bandleader on Memorial Day 1940, when he opened with a thirteen-piece group at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa, California. In the first of the six sections the music, already indicative of things to come, is relentless and heavy-booted, with a staccato, two-beat attack which resembles in intent, if not execution, the style of the Lunceford band of the time. Perhaps it was persuasive because it was rhythmically overpowering, for by the summer's end, Kenton had built a staunch following on the West Coast and considerable speculation about his "new music" in the East. The second period includes sides made in 1944 after Kenton had been East, and, although the band is defter and less aggressive, it is not much different. The third part, made in 1945-46, illustrates what is now known as the band's principal style—a big reed section securely rooted with a baritone saxophone, a metallic-sounding, inflexible rhythm section, and driving, ear-rending brass teams, all of which are piled up, block by block, into granitic masses of sound. By this time the organization, which had also perfected a sophisticated and impeccable technique, had already split the popular-record buying public insolubly into Kenton-lovers and Kenton-haters.

The next two periods in the album extend from 1947 to 1951, years in which Kenton turned restlessly to his "progressive jazz" and "innovations in modern music," using, in addition to his own works, the compositions and arrangements of Bob Graettinger, Pete Rugulo, Ken Hanna, Neil Hefti, and Shorty Rogers. Here, the music moves ceaselessly and cumbersomely between the funereal pseudo-Bergian orchestrations of Graettinger, mood music performed by a forty-piece band with strings that is perilously close to the boneless wind of movie music, and immense jazzlike frameworks that are constructed about scintillating section work and occasional soloists. The last batch of recordings, which brings the band up through 1953, is more or less of a deflation to the mid-Forties period, and reveals a clearer jazz feeling than the band had ever before had.

IT IS impossible, after hearing these records, not to be impressed by their very aural bulk, by the sheer sinew and muscle that have gone into their making. It is not impossible, however,

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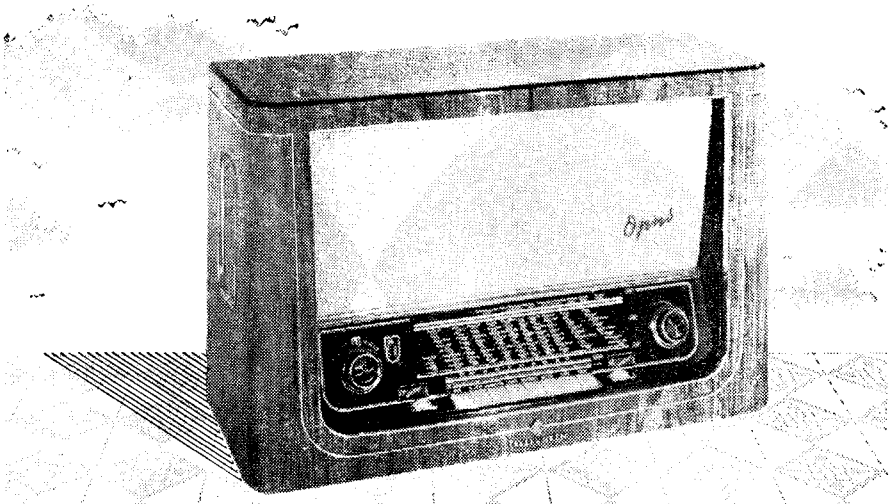
to remain almost completely unmoved. Kenton's music, in spite of all the complacent, organ-like talk that has surrounded its "progressivism" in the past ten years, fits roughly into the tradition of the silvered semi-jazz bands of Larry Clinton, Glen Gray, Glenn Miller, the Dorseys, and Ray Anthony. This tradition, although kneaded from time to time by the energy of Bunny Berigans and Bobby Hacketts, is parallel to, and quite different from, that of the genuine big jazz bands cradled by Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington, and maintained since by Goodman, Lunceford, Calloway, Basie, and Woody Herman. Kenton does not fit easily into the white-collar jazz of the former tradition, however, for he tried in his fashion to combine the two movements, with the help of extra-curricular seasonings, into something new. This he did, in part, by allowing many soloists ample space within glistening limousines of sound that, in the end, tended only to stifle and stiffen whatever potentialities for jazz there were on hand. He also created, as a result of purposely and confusedly trying to be a kind of musical refractor of his times, a self-conscious music that was caught—strident and humorless—somewhere between the pseudo-classical, jazz, and popular music.

Nevertheless, Kenton's sounds and furies have, partly through accident, had certain positive effects within jazz. His various bands have been rigorous training grounds for many of our best younger musicians, particularly those who have gone on to fashion in the past three years, in probable revolt, the sleek, evasive, small-band parlor jazz of the West Coast. His pelting about of words like "progressive" and "innovation," together with the uncompromisingly modernistic tenor of his music, have helped prepare the mind of the public for the work of the true futurists like Gillespie, Parker, Monk, Powell, and John Lewis. And, finally, he has inadvertently defined, like the Thomas Wolfes of other art forms, the possible wastelands of his own medium, thus performing the negative service of showing many jazzmen where not to tread if they would further their art.

Kenton says in the epilogue to "The Kenton Era" that "it is too early yet to attempt to ascertain whether our efforts over the years have contributed to the development of the world's music." It is not, of course, for—as is apparent in this album—his music has just about come full circle. It now deserves, then, a prominent place in that fascinating museum where the curiosities of music are stored.



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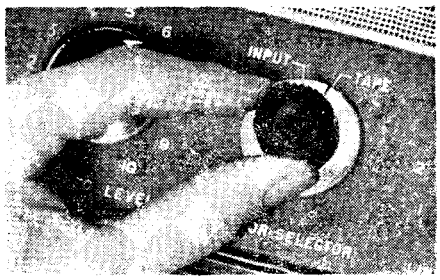

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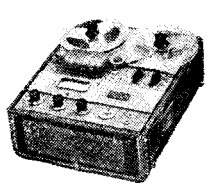

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

DRAWING OUT THE AGONY

HAVING READ IRVING KOLODIN'S compendium of my inconsistencies in his review of "The Agony of Modern Music," I still find no inconsistencies. Let's have a look at them.

Kolodin refers to my statement that "in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries gifted composers were numerous. Their purpose was to please and to prosper from approval." And then he asks: "Who were they required to please? Haydn's Prince Esterházy? Beethoven's Archduke Rudolf? Wagner's King Ludwig?" Who is using half-truths here? Or quarter-truths? Or one-sixteenth truths? Was it Prince Esterházy who commissioned the Salomon symphonies? No. It was an impresario whose interest was pecuniary and based on the correct assumption that Haydn's great fame and popularity would pay off with the big public in England. Irving Kolodin knows this as well as I. [1]

Who produced the Beethoven symphonies and concertos? Who commissioned the sonatas and quartets? Who produced the "Fidelio" which took Vienna by storm in 1814? Archduke Rudolf? The answer is no, and Irving Kolodin knows this as well as I. [2]

Who produced "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin?" King Ludwig? The answer is no. Irving Kolodin knows as well as I that Wagner was the most famous and probably the most popular composer in Germany before he ever met King Ludwig. And Irving Kolodin knows as well as I that Wagner's fame and popularity were earned in the theatre and with the big public of the time. [3]

Kolodin compares my statement that "grants, fellowships, and commissions" given to composers now represent a sign of debility, with my subsequent statement that the commissions from which Schubert and Mendelssohn lived were a sign of strength, and calls this inconsistent.

Well, people gave commissions to Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms because they thought there was a demand for their music. Commissions are given nowadays not by people who believe there is a demand, but by people who think that there ought to be a demand. Does Irving Kolodin think that Beethoven's commissions were philanthrophy? Beethoven himself wrote: "My compositions bring me in a great deal, and I can say that I have more orders than I can execute. I have six or seven publishers for each one of my works and could have more if I chose. No more bargaining; I name my terms and they pay." What was that about Archduke Rudolf?

Does Irving Kolodin think that the Rockefeller Foundation is giving $400,000 to the Louisville Symphony Orchestra because there is a similar demand for the music that will be commissioned? It is not, and he knows it as well as I. [4]

He offers as an inconsistency my mention in one place of Haydn, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven as popular composers and my reference elsewhere to "the melancholy circumstances under which such composers as Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert lived and died". Life is inconsistent here, not I. That just happens to be the way it was. Some people are better adjusted than others. Some manage their affairs better than others. Some have more luck than others. It is possible to be popular and poor, to make money and to lose it. Popularity is no guarantee of security. [5]

Another alleged inconsistency is my statement that "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," and "Aida" continue to be more popular than "Otello" and "Falstaff," as compared with my later reference to the "rapturous approval" of "Otello" and "Falstaff" at their premieres. Where is the inconsistency? "Otello" and "Falstaff" were rapturously applauded at their premieres, but "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and "Aida" continue to be more popular. I did not say that "Otello" and "Falstaff" were not popular. I said that the others are more popular. They are, and Irving Kolodin knows it. And I should like to emphasize the rapturous approval "not only by the audience in the theater, but by the crowd outside" at the premieres of "Otello" and "Falstaff" to those who continue to propagate the legend that contemporary music is not appreciated in its own time. For what modern opera have there been "crowds of admirers" outside as well as inside the theatre? [6]

And then we have Mr. Kolodin's reference to my statement that, "Those who have courted the public, such composers as Weill and Menotti, have enjoyed some popular success but little esteem in the profession." He quotes Virgil Thomson's *"Evviva* Menotti" at the close of a review of "The Medium" and "The Telephone." Well, I can quote Thomson, too, and at the close of his review of "The Consul" Mr. Thomson said: "I doubt if it makes musical history . . . Mr. Menotti, though not quite a first-class composer, is surely a bold, an original dramatic author." [7]

So I suggest that Kolodin start all over again and, instead of this either silly or vicious Beckmesserish quibbling, review the book and come to grips with the problems exposed in it which he admits exist. On second thought, let somebody else try it! [8]

HENRY PLEASANTS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *1. Haydn wrote ninety-two symphonies (most of them for Esterházy) before he wrote the twelve for Salomon. Thus, the composer's "great fame and popularity" were long since established as a composer for the* elite.

2. Before he was thirty years old Beethoven was made a present of three

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Guarnieri string instruments (for quartet purposes) by Prince Lichnowsky; Prince Lobkowitz aided him financially from his early days in Vienna; and in 1809 the two joined with Archduke Rudolf in guaranteeing him an annual income. As the dedications of his symphonies (not to mention the Rasumovsky quartets, the "Waldstein" sonata, and various concerti) suggest, Beethoven's favor was founded in high places.

3. Wagner borrowed copiously from all available sources during the period in which he wrote the works mentioned; and it was not until he was rescued from debt by Ludwig that he had the financial ease to accomplish the best work of which he was capable.

4. The distinction between one kind of commission and another is one that Pleasants makes in his letter, not in the book. What is the difference between Benny Goodman paying Aaron Copland for a clarinet concerto and Count Rasoumovsky commissioning Beethoven to write some quartets? Each patronized the best source available.

6. The non-popularity of "Otello" and "Falstaff" are cited by Pleasants as proof that the "non-melodic" works of Verdi lack popular appeal. More people eat frankfurters than steak. That does not prove they are more nourishing.

7. The jury is still out on Menotti. Perhaps a Pulitzer Prize for "The Consul" will remind Mr. Pleasants that he (Menotti) has had esteem from other than popular sources, as he has had professional acclaim from the Music Critics' Circle of New York for "The Saint of Bleecker Street."

8. One review per book is par for the course. If Pleasants writes another, perhaps he will have his wish.

In conclusion, I make note of his flattering reference to my "Beckmesserish" quibbling. Inasmuch as Wagner's character was based on Eduard Hanslick, the Viennese critic of whom Pleasants thought well enough to compile a recent published collection of his writings, I can hardly ask for more honorable company.

TOO MUCH AUTHORITY

I APPRECIATED I. K.'s review of Henry Pleasants's book. But I wonder if such ridiculous, mundane views should be distinguished by his clear-thinking, objective analysis. Not a cocktail-party goes by where some fool doesn't conclude that "Liberace must be good, better even than Serkin. Look at the following he has." This was bad enough. Now they have an "authority" to back up their bad taste.

MRS. WILLIAM G. ERICSSON.

Evanston, Ill.

LAMBS TO THE AGONY

IT IS ONLY the esthetic profundity of the issues involved in what I. K. so aptly dubbed the "Agony of Henry Pleasants" that prompts me to suggest that probably the simplest diagnosis of brother Pleasants's jaundice can be derived from two sources: to wit, Charles Lamb's "Free Thoughts on Some Eminent Composers" and Mary Lamb's "Letters to Vincent Novello." Extrapolating from and interpolating into these verses, we can imagine Henry saying:

Cannot a man live easy and free
Without admiring Ravel and Satie?
Or in his chair in comfort sit
Who never heard of Hindemith?

It would be prudent to ask of Henry, had he lived in 1735:

Would he have gone four miles to visit
Sebastian Bach (or Batch, which is it?)

Mary's answer might have been:

The reason our Henry is so severe
My friends, is he too has no ear,
His spite at modern music is a whim
He loves not it, because it loves not him.

L. LIBERTHSON.

Chicago, Ill.

RIGHT WORD, RIGHT TIME

"THE AGONY OF Henry Pleasants" is an article saying the right word in the right time. It is astonishing that a musical correspondent of *The New York Times* can cook together such a nonsense of a musical book.

WALTER K. FRANKEL, M. D.

Dover, N.J.

ISN'T BACH'S BACH ENOUGH?

OBVIOUSLY Vaughan Williams's utterances in his article "Where Craft Ends and Art Begins" [*SR* Mar. 26] were motivated by his personal distaste for the harpsichord, baroque organ, and other instruments widely used in Bach's day. What else could account for such specious statements, completely devoid of reason, perception, and insight? One would expect a man of his station to be immune from involvement in such capricious conjectures concerning what Bach would have done if he hadn't had to do what he did with what he had!

DON HATCH.

Toledo, Ohio.

ALL TOO FACTUAL

MAY I COMMEND *SR* for publishing "Who 'Forced' Whom?" [*SR* Mar. 26] and thank Russ Nixon for writing it. As someone who was intimately acquainted with the conditions in Nazi Germany, I know every word of his letter to be in accord with the facts.

VERA GOLDBERG.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

THE NAZIS WERE FOR REAL

I WISH TO express my gratitude to you for printing the letter "Who 'Forced' Whom?" This should serve to enlighten those who now prefer to believe that the Nazi Party did not and does not exist in Germany.

ETHEL LANDERMAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

PLAIN AND UNPLEASANT

I WANT to express my deep satisfaction in reading the letter from Russ Nixon,

(*Continued on page* 66)

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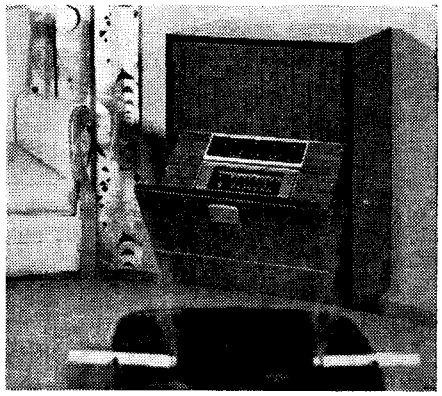

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The Gramophone
—March, 1955

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Is Your Turntable Level?

By R. S. LANIER

AS EVERYBODY knows, a separate "record player" has a restless life in the average living room. It is the pawn of activities like dusting, rearranging the furniture, or finding a place for the overflow from the teatray. So even if it is carefully levelled at some point in time, this state of evenness is at best occasional.

Turntable equipment in large cabinets or in built-in furniture also too often fares badly, as far as being installed in a truly level position is concerned. Most people buying a cabinet machine understandably assume that it is only necessary to put it in the most convenient position in the room. And custom builders are not invariably concerned with, or understanding of, the need for precise turntable levelling.

Thus, the answer to the question at the head of this piece is a loud "no" in a huge number of cases. This is a shame, because a turntable out of level can hurt the performance of a phonograph, producing distortion of the music and high record wear; and it is quite easy in most cases to put a turntable level.

A non-level turntable allows the weight of the pickup arm to push in the downhill direction. The stylus is constantly pushed against one side of the groove, and can be forced into lopsided vibration, a source of distortion. If the sidewise force against the groove is strong enough, the pickup will jump grooves, or break down the groove wall. If you have a spate of groove-jumping on your phonograph, a non-level turntable is a leading suspect. (There are other possible causes for groove-jumping, including friction or binding in the arm which keeps it from moving freely.)

You need just one piece of equipment to find a level position for your turntable: a record with a perfectly blank, flat surface, no grooves, no music. An inexpensive recording blank, twelve-inch size, is just right. You can get one in most equipment or record shops.

Put the blank record on the turntable, start the motor, and put the pickup down gently near the outside edge of the turning record. If the turntable is level, the pickup will stay put, without lateral movement, one way or the other. If there is a slant to the table, the pickup will slide in the direction of the slant. Try the pickup at several points across the face of the turning record to uncover any sliding tendency that may exist. If there is a slide, the direction in which the pickup moves tells you which side of the turntable is low, and you can correct this until all sliding is eliminated.

With record players, this is of course just a matter of propping up one edge of the "box." With cabinet machines, you can adjust the level of the whole cabinet, or you can in many cases adjust the screws on which the record changer rides. With built-in equipment, you can use the screws supporting the record changer, or, in the case of manual players, screws supporting the whole motor board. (Screws which allow for levelling the motor board should be included in every custom-built machine. They can be easily added in most cases if they were originally omitted.)

You have probably noticed that no mention is made of a spirit level as an instrument for finding the level position. The blank-record method produces "dynamic levelling," or the elimination of sidewise arm push *under operating conditions*. A turntable which has been brought to a flat position with a spirit level is not necessarily dynamically level.

The main reason for the difference between "dynamic level" and "geometric level" lies in the bent head of the pickup arm. The friction between the record groove and the tip of the stylus tends to drag the stylus in the direction the groove is moving. If the head of the arm is bent or curved, this pull of the record on the stylus throws the arm off.

We offset this inward push of the arm, in dynamic levelling, by slanting the turntable a little in the opposite direction. The outward slant can be made to just balance the inward push of the arm, which arises from the bent-head geometry. The arm becomes neutral, and follows the stylus without pushing it one way or the other.

On the small record players, with short arms and sharply bent heads, dynamic levelling often means a turntable quite sharply slanted toward the outside. The inward push of the arm with a sharply bent head is so strong as to be a source of serious distortion and very high record wear with small players. Watch it!

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WEST COAST REPORT

SALAD DAYS, NEWLY TOSSED

Los Angeles.

AMONG the profits that can accrue to a composer in his riper years is the chance to review the output of his salad days and remold it nearer to his heart's desire. Of today's composers none has more assiduously taken advantage of this than Igor Stravinsky, who is currently filling any interludes between new works by warming over certain minor fry he composed during the early days of the century.

Esthetic considerations have no doubt prompted some of this, and understandably so in the case of a composer whose musical philosophy has undergone such radical alteration over the years. There is, however, a practical aspect to Stravinsky's concern with his early essays, a substantial number of which were written and copyrighted under Russia's czarist regime. Inasmuch as the USSR, like the United States, is not a member of the Berne Convention, its composers can do little except squirm when their works are performed in this country without the formality of royalty payments. (American composers are spared similar discomfort presumably only because the Soviets think too poorly of their music to pirate it.)

Stravinsky, an American citizen for several years, is not the man to sit idly by and let his music be performed for no more tangible reward than glory, and following a sobering experience with the juke-box industry a few years ago he has set about reinstrumenting some of his early pieces in order to gain for them the protection of a more congenial copyright. Of these, four songs originally written for piano accompaniment between 1915-1919 were recast by him last year for soprano, flute, harp, and guitar, and were presented for the first time recently on the Hollywood chamber music series now known as Monday Evening Concerts. This series, which is a continuation of the former Evenings on the Roof, includes Stravinsky's music on a flatteringly high percentage of its programs and, reciprocally, Stravinsky's slight, dapper figure can nearly always be seen among the small but dedicated audience.

In their present dress, "A Russian Spiritual" and "The Drake" from "Four Russian Songs" turned out to be facile, engaging, and neatly sieved of any folk character by an instrumentation that is both epigrammatic and shrewd. "Geese and Swans" and "Tilimbom" from "Three Stories for Children" are blithe nursery pieces in which gaily prattling timbres effectively offset a sing-song vocal line that seeks neither intensity nor repose. Robert Craft conducted and the soprano was Marni Nixon, who had flown here from New York the preceding week to record the songs for Columbia Records, with Stravinsky conducting.

Ernst Krenek was also represented, both in person and by his "Parvula Corona Musicalis" for string trio, commissioned in 1950 by the Italian Broadcasting Authority as part of its observance of the 200th anniversary of Bach's death. Written in a strict twelve-tone idiom, on the notes B-A-C-H, this is a taut, enigmatic, and severely beautiful work in which Krenek manages to state not only a musical but a metaphysical hypothesis, the latter pivoting on the uncharacteristic half-tones that Bach used as a signature theme in his "Art of Fugue." These, appearing as they did at the very end of Bach's life, suggest to Krenek that Bach had glimpsed mysterious vistas as the door of death swung slowly wide. Krenek feels it significant that these same chromatic intervals reappear as the opening themes of Beethoven's Opus 131 and 132, and that a similar half-tone progression later pops up as a principal motive in "Tristan." These variants on the B-A-C-H anagram are quoted with fine contrapuntal resource in Krenek's "little musical wreath" which, for all its academic sereness, manages to breathe validating emotional warmth.

On the following evening, the Roger Wagner Chorale, of thirty-two mixed voices, and a small chamber orchestra conducted by Wagner presented the first formal hearing of George Antheil's setting of "Five Fragments from Shelley," which the composer completed in Los Angeles last summer. After the astringencies of the preceding evening, the candidly diatonic harmonies fell as solacingly on the ear as those of Brahms, whose "Liebeslieder" waltzes seemed to be hovering just out of earshot. Nonetheless, an *a cappella* setting of "When soft winds and sunny skies" is persuasively lyrical, the rest are equally pleasant, as sung by the estimable Wagner choristers.

—Mildred Norton.

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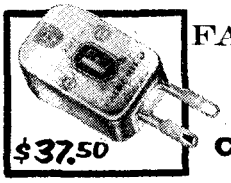

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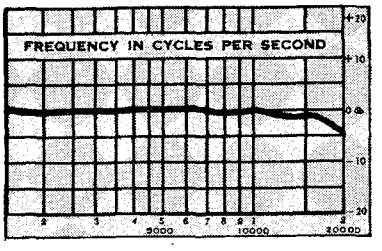

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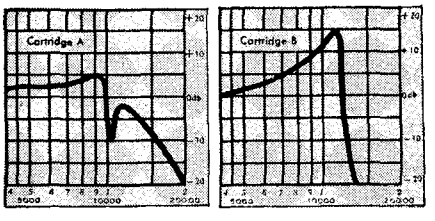

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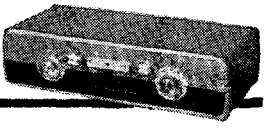

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Unsmothered Shostakovich

SHOSTAKOVICH: *"Trio in E minor, Op. 67" (David Oistrakh, violin; Milos Sadlo, cello; and Dmitri Shostakovich, piano).* PROKOFIEV: *"Cinderella": Waltz, Gavotte, Passepied.* GLAZOUNOV: *"Meditation."* RACHMANINOV: *"Vocalise."* MOISSE VAINBERG: *"Moldavian Rhapsody, Op. 47."* CRLPX-011, $5.95

SHOSTAKOVICH'S TRIO bears a close affinity to his Quintet Op. 57, which won him the Stalin Prize. This may have been intentional since the Trio is dedicated to the memory of Ivan Sollertinsky, one of his closest friends. The composer is quoted as saying: "Sollertinsky's death is a grievous loss to the world of music. There were few people who loved music as he did. He was a relentless antagonist of vulgarity, bad taste, routine, and mediocrity." Indeed, Sollertinsky was a music critic of unusual qualities and a brilliant young musicologist with an encyclopedic knowledge and prodigious memory. An author of books on Tchaikovsky, Richard Strauss, Berlioz, Schoenberg, and other composers, he held at one time the position of Director of Programs of the Leningrad Philharmonic. His oratorical gifts made him one of the most popular among the commentators and there was no doubt that it was due to his influence that Shostakovich, at the beginning of his career, showed such an interest in Alban Berg, Hindemith, Schoenberg, and Gustav Mahler that the Moscow musicians poked fun at their northern colleague saying, "Shostakovich still suffers from Mahleria." Sollertinsky was also embroiled in the fierce polemic over Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," when his protesting voice was smothered under the weight of official criticism of the opera. But, after the storm was over, during the summer of 1940 Shostakovich wrote his Quintet, in my opinion an exquisite piece among contemporary chamber music compositions. Four years later, while his country was suffering from the worst calamities of the war, Shostakovich must have looked back with nostalgia to that summer, only his friend was no longer there. Sollertinsky died in February 1944. Hence the obvious family traits inherited by the Trio from the Quintet.

The first two movements, Andante and Allegro non troppo, are abundant with almost direct quotes from the Quintet. The similarity is further accentuated by the general mood (perhaps somewhat more somber), and the harmonic, thematic, and rhythmical structure of the piece. The third movement Largo—noble and elegiac—is followed by an Allegretto in which Shostakovich makes use of two melodies of Hebraic origin. While the Quintet may be considered superior, the Trio certainly belongs to Shostakovich's "more serious" compositions.

As for the performance, I happen to have heard all three artists "off the record" at the Prague Music Festivals in 1946-47-48. If in some places in this Trio a critical ear may detect an unevenness in the tempi it should be blamed on Shostakovich, a brilliant pianist but an extremely nervous performer. Had he not been the composer of the piece I am sure David Oistrakh would have pulled in the reins.

When I first heard him nine years ago David Oistrakh already had an enviable reputation in the Soviet Union. Since then he has become well known in Europe through his frequent concerts there and via an imposing list of recordings in this country. He has been considered another Jascha Heifetz and some of his well-wishers (including himself) believe he can "beat" Jascha. When he told me this in 1948, I took it for youthful bravado, but I must admit that during the past seven years he has been making definite strides toward this goal. The future will tell. I, for one, still would not venture to guess his name from the sound of his violin, while in Heifetz's case this is no difficult matter.

On the B side of the record, Oistrakh plays four solo numbers that may serve as an example in this argument and may, in another's opinion, prove me wrong.

—VICTOR SEROFF.

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THE OTHER SIDE

STEREOPHONIC TAPES, MAHLER FROM ISRAEL

LONDON.

IF EVER any company tried hard to live down a reputation for standing in the way of progress, that company is EMI. It is little more than six months since they surprised us all by introducing HMV and Columbia pre-recorded tapes—the first and, so far, the only such tapes to be marketed in this country—but, without waiting to consolidate this new advance position, plans are already afoot for a far greater scoop at this summer's Radio Show: the first commercial stereophonic recordings and reproducers! The idea, of course, is not new, since twin-track tape is only too obvious a medium for binaural sound, yet, so far as I am aware, it will be the first time that a major record company has decided to cater to a market which, for the time being at any rate, must remain severely limited. Such a display of the pioneering spirit from EMI, who only a few years ago looked askance at LP because it might appeal only to a minority of highbrow music lovers, is indeed heartening and shows what keen and healthy competition has done to an industry which, before the advent of LP, had become too set in its ways and was in danger of stagnation.

It was most unfortunate for EMI that the impressive demonstration of stereophonic reproduction, which was given at Abbey Road Studios for the benefit of the press in early April, should have occurred while we were in the midst of an unprecedented newspaper strike. As a result, it has gone unreported in the national press, along with other events of almost comparable significance—such as the resignation of Sir Winston.

A great orchestra, new to records, makes its first appearance in Columbia's April list. This is the Israel Philharmonic, which was founded by Bronislaw Huberman in 1936 and whose first concerts, in December of that year, were conducted by Toscanini. During the coming summer the Israel Philharmonic is to make its first European tour—for many of its members, who were refugees from Nazi persecution, it will almost be a "home-coming"—and, by way of preparation, Columbia has released two LPs on which the orchestra is conducted by Paul Kletzki. One disc is devoted to Mahler's First Symphony, the other to music by Mendelssohn—the "Scotch" Symphony and the Overture "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." Kletzki's readings are very satisfying by virtue of their sobriety and musicianship, while the orchestra emerges with flying colors. It is a splendid instrument with a particularly impressive string section, even if it does perhaps lack the ultimate degree of discipline.

Last summer Glyndebourne presented Busoni's one-act opera "Arlecchino" as a curtain-raiser for Strauss's "Ariadne." It is an odd little work, a true *hors d'oeuvre*, containing something for everyone—wit, irony, sentiment, and much amusing parody—but little real nourishment. The dissertations between Doctor and Abbé are brilliantly humorous and the love scene between Leandro and Columbine is full of clever pastiche, but the opera as a whole (the composer called it "a theatrical Capriccio") is perhaps too intellectual to be effective in the theatre. HMV's record of the Glyndebourne production, however, is a most enjoyable affair and suggests that the gramophone may well be the ideal medium for "Arlecchino," since it does not offer any visual distraction from the many felicities of the score. Performance and recording are admirable: Kurst Gester invests the spoken title-role with roguish authority, there are superb contributions from Ian Wallace, Geraint Evans, and Fritz Ollendorff, while the love music is pointedly sung by Elaine Malbin and Murray Dickie. Under John Pritchard's skilled direction "Arlecchino" moves along briskly and effortlessly.

Recent arrivals from Decca include a selection of Auber's most popular overtures, played in sparkling fashion by the Conservatoire Orchestra under Albert Wolff and superlatively recorded; Ansermet and the Suisse Romande contribute a highly unorthodox but remarkably persuasive performance of Borodin's Second Symphony (coupled with the unfinished No. 3 and the "Prince Igor" Overture); there is a lyrically restrained and eminently satisfying performance of Elgar's Violin Concerto by Campoli and Boult (far more idiomatic than the flashy and superficial Heifetz/Sargent version); the celebrated colored jazz-pianist, Winifred Atwell, whose popular records have enjoyed fabulous sales in this country, demonstrates the soundness of her academic training by means of a reasonably competent performance of the Grieg Concerto.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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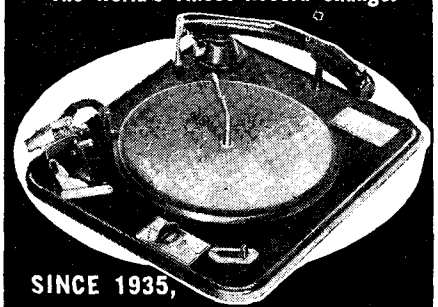

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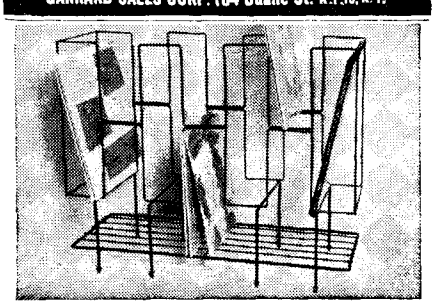

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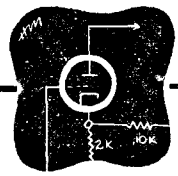


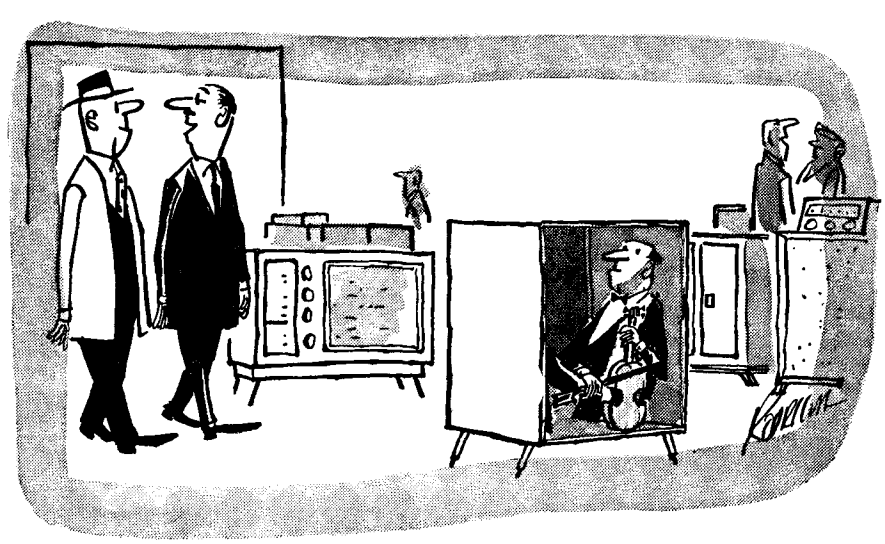
HIGHS AND LOWS

THE ERSATZ MELODY

IN ONE of three audio "sessions" at the Institute of Radio Engineers' annual convention, held March 21-4 in New York City, Dr. Harry F. Olson, RCA Victor's prodigious researcher, described his latest creation, an "Electronic Music Synthesizer"—the most versatile and impressive device ever conceived to coax musical sounds out of vacuum tubes. At present I must echo the comment of one musically minded engineer's acclaim of the Synthesizer as "the most fascinating abomination I've ever heard!" But the adjective should be stressed no less than the noun: in the hands of imaginative composers as well as of ingenious technicians, the Synthesizer well may prove to have genuine artistic potentials. Meanwhile, there is of course no need to sell your conventional piano, organ, and orchestral stocks short. This two-ton monster is fabulously complex, expensive, and demanding, and its practical as well as its expressive exploitation will require well-nigh infinite pains if not years. Nevertheless, it is an unmistakable, dread, and yet exciting harbinger of an impending *deus ex machina* for an ever-nearing cybernetic musical age.

Home listeners can receive with greater equanimity the latest and far more immediately inevitable adaptation of the "book-of-the-month" notion to recorded music: a pre-recorded Tape-of-the-Month Club, the main enticements of which are the comparatively low fees ($5.95 per selection to subscribers) and the monthly distribution to members of "pre-view" tape samples. The first releases are Lengsfelder's "Musical Notes from a Tourist's Sketch Book" and the already broadcast- and disc-famous "Investigator," both of which are excellently recorded, although the former has little if any musical value to other than Muzak-conditioned ears. I can't imagine that serious listeners are likely to abdicate their personal tastes to the necessarily limited range of the club's program-makers, but the scheme has obvious advantages to any tape-fan anxious to build up a miscellaneous pre-recorded library as cheaply and easily as possible.

IN THE field of discs, all but the most insatiable of hi-fi fanatics have begun to gag over "demonstration" releases of high-decibel spicing and scanty musical or educative substance. It is a pleasure to report that technical neophyte and "expert" alike will find much more mental than physical stimulation in Tyler Turner's illuminating word-and-tone presentation, "This Is High Fidelity" (Vox DL-130). It includes "demonstration" passages, to be sure, but here they are subordinated to illustrating specific audio principles and dangers—common types of distortion, frequency-spectrum imbalance, the suitability of different studio acoustical characteristics to various kinds of musical textures, etc. The bulky accompanying booklet serves as an admirably comprehensive introduction to the mysteries of audio technology, but the prime attractions of this work (apart from its general



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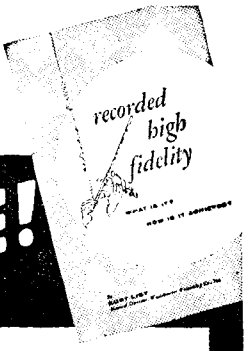

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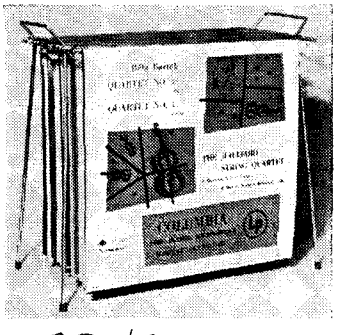

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freshness of approach) are the superbly convincing examples of the musical damage that can be wreaked by a recording or reproducing system which is top or bottom heavy, or in which there are marked mid-frequency "peaks." These examples present the most impressive evidence I know that true high fidelity depends far less on extended frequency range as such than on overall response smoothness and equilibrium.

The development of simplified home means for enabling even an untrained listener to evaluate these vital factors in musical reproduction was one of the major contemporary audio needs stressed by the writer in another of the IRE Convention's sessions, this one a symposium on "Music, High Fidelity, and the Listener." But to my grateful surprise (remembering other IRE meetings where music and listeners played second fiddle to strictly engineering methodology), the whole symposium proved to be vitally concerned with artistic and human, rather than exclusively technical, values. Daniel W. Martin, John A. Kessler, and Cyril M. Harris approached their special problems of reverberation and room acoustics directly from the point of view of musically experienced listeners, and Walter A. Rosenblith's subject set the clarion keynote for what well may be enlightened audio engineers' dominant concern in the future: "Man—a somewhat neglected component of hi-fi systems"!

Thus even the most discouraged contemporary music-lover, currently outraged by the excesses of hi-fi mania and trembling for the safety of gentle Euterpe under the Juggernaut of an Electronic Music Synthesizer, need not consider the future entirely bleak and hopeless. To me this spring's IRE audio symposium marked a notable advance when every participant resolutely asserted the danger, if not the sheer impossibility, of attempting to define high fidelity in any operational terms which fail to include esthetic values and human experiential needs. I felt that a new season might be dawning in the world of audio engineering when the very first question from the audience of some 600 IRE members and guests was a request that the chairman call for a show of hands from everyone present who had heard a "live" concert or recital within the last two months. And I was sure of it when more than a quarter—perhaps even a third—of the crowd responded. That's still too small a proportion, no doubt, but it's far better than any similar assembly of engineers ever could have boasted in the past, and surely it holds promise for the audio harvests of the future. —R. D. Darrell.

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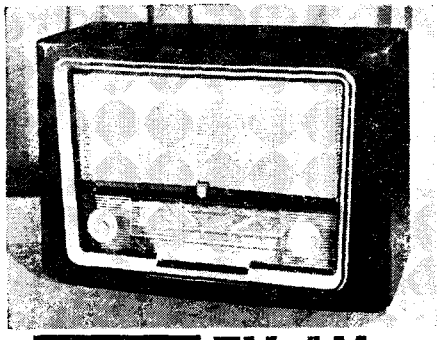

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Letters

Continued from page 59

who has used plain words for unpleasant fact. Too bad we have so few examples of insisting on the importance of facts.

ROBERT EPPLE.

Hingham, Mass.

"NAPOLEON THE GREAT"

FORMER PRESIDENT Harry S. Truman, in his review of "The Confederacy" [*SR* Mar. 26], shows he has been reading some of the best word painting to be found. His word picture of Civil War scenes clearly shows the influence of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's "Vision of War" and "Apostrophe at the Tomb of Napoleon." The similarity in style and meter of the Truman word picture to Ingersoll's "Napoleon" is readily seen:

> I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.
>
> I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as "Napoleon the Great."

SHERMAN WAKEFIELD.

New York, N.Y.

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